

A NEW STORY by Sir WALTER BESANT.

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New Series. Part 37.

The Leisure Hour

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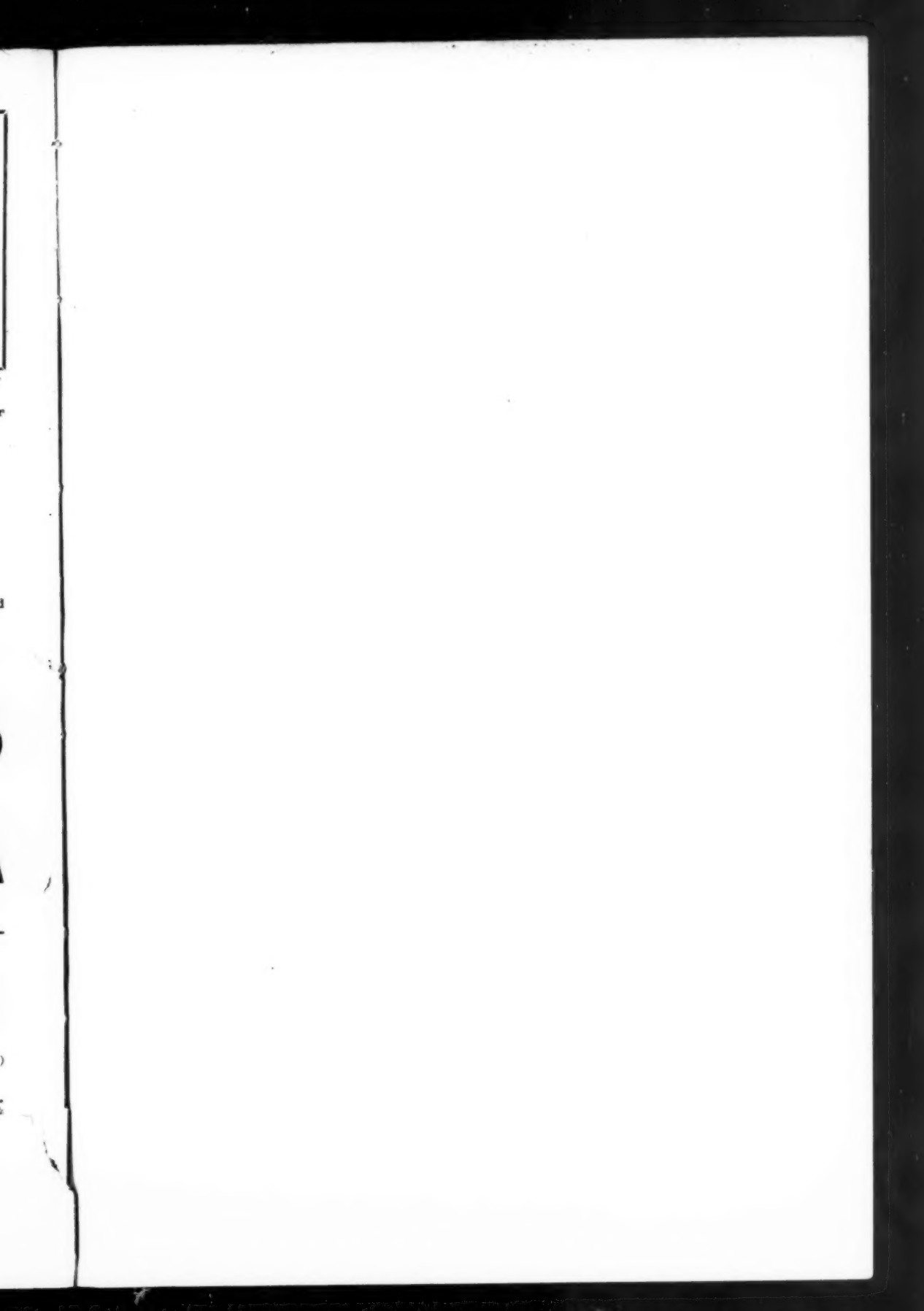
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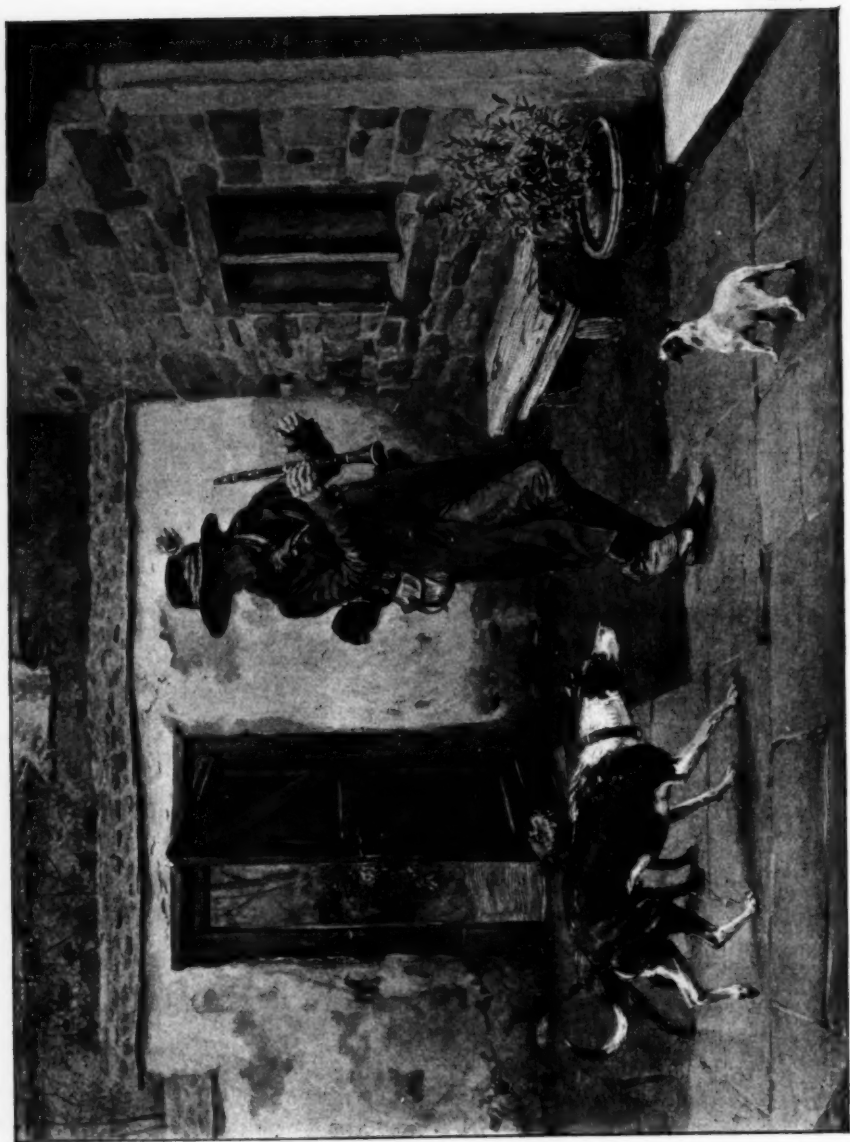
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I THOUGHT you would be surprised, my dear boy!" With these words he concluded a communication which had been brief but startling. And his manner was aggressive—even defiant.

"Yes," his son replied, "I have . . . I confess . . . been surprised. I have never, in fact, in all my life, been so much . . . surprised."

He spoke slowly, and, since words may sometimes enlarge their meanings with the manner of utterance, anyone might have thought that the surprise included disgust.

The two were sitting in a dining-room, and it was after dinner. One of them was a man of sixty-five or perhaps seventy; the other was a young man of twenty-five. The elder man sat in one of those chairs invented for persons afflicted with paralysis, and provided with wheels which the patient can if he pleases use by himself. The decanters stood on the table, and the old man helped himself to a glass of port.

"I expected as much," he said, looking curiously at his son. His eyes were keen

and bright, of a hard deep blue; they looked out from under heavy black eyebrows; his hair was still black but shot with grey, the kind of grey which never increases; his beard was black but also touched with grey. His figure was tall and lean; his face was hard: every feature was hard, especially the firm and straight mouth and the square chin; his head was large, and his forehead was square like his chin.

Nature intended this man for an eagle; if a sculptor were to mould that face, he would instinctively give it such a line here, such a depression there, as would realise the intention of Nature; it is the privilege of the sculptor so to interpret Nature. The conditions of life, the pressure of fate and fortune, the calling or profession, the habitual attitude of the mind, had in this case turned the eagle into the vulture. With men such transformations are always possible. No force of circumstances can turn the swan into a goose, or the thrush into a cuckoo; yet with man the conditions of his life have this power.

"I meant to surprise you," he said in a hard voice, still observing curiously how his son took the revelation of the past.

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But the son made no reply. The father went on, justifying himself:

"Why should I have to keep the secret to myself? You share the fortune—why should not you also know how it came? In a little while it will be all yours. I had to make it—I made it out of nothing. You have to enjoy it. The least you can do for your part is to understand what it means. Let us have and keep our little secret to ourselves."

The young man rose slowly and stood before the fireplace, but not for warmth. It was an evening in June when the soft twilight was just beginning to fall upon the lawns and flower-beds of the garden outside, and within the room there were dark shadows creeping stealthily in corners and lurking between windows. He was tall in stature like his father, but not so thin; his face had as yet nothing in it either of the eagle or the vulture: it was a face with regular features, a handsome face: a face which might become as hard as his father's, but would certainly look better if it developed in a softer direction; his lips were firm, and his chin full. He looked like a man capable of purpose and resolution; he might possibly become obstinate; he would certainly be tenacious. He had his father's black hair and dark blue eyes and his firm lips, but his chin and his forehead were not so square. At this moment he was flushed; he was confused; he appeared like a culprit who has been found out; he was really shamed through and through by a sudden and most unexpected revelation. He stood with hanging head and averted eyes, playing, as one in great mental trouble, with the trifles on the mantelshelf.

"Then," he said, "the story of our Australian inheritance was a fable." He spoke huskily, and without lifting his eyes. "An invention and a fable." He shuddered; it was like walking over his own grave—the grave in which all his past would have to be buried, and that while he himself was still living—a horrible fate!

"Every word of it," replied his father cheerfully.

"And the story of your education abroad, and your retired life, and the loss of all your relations . . ."

"Every single word of it, my dear boy. Fables and lies! Fables and lies!"

"And all your money and all this luxury—and my position?"

"All got in the same way," with exasperating cheerfulness. "All in the same

way. Money-lending did it. Sixty per cent. and the letter of the bond."

The son groaned aloud. Consider. If you had been brought up in a house full of things rich and beautiful; if you had seen evidence from childhood of material ease and wealth; if you had heard traditions of family estates; of Australian cousins leaving large possessions: if you had gone to a public school as the son and heir of a wealthy gentleman of good family: if you had been sent to the University with a handsome allowance to keep up that position: if you had been taught, from the beginning, to despise the lower ways and walks: if you had grown up in the belief that you were one of that class which in England still continues to think itself entitled to take the command—with what emotions would you receive the intelligence that the whole fabric was built upon the most despised of all callings—that of money-lender?"

"I always meant to tell you some time or other," the father went on. "I wanted you to be finished first. As I don't suppose that anybody knows the truth except you and me, it can remain a little secret to ourselves." The son sat down and turned away his face. "No change need be made, my dear boy. Only that you will understand from your own history the great truth that there are but two kinds of men, the devourer and the devoured. You, for instance, are the son of a devourer."

He took another glass of port: the wine warmed his thin frame: it stimulated his thoughts and put them into words.

"I began," he went on, lying back in his chair and folding his hands, "in quite a small way. You would hardly believe that I was a little builder; just a little builder in a poor quarter—builder, plumber, and undertaker." The son shivered visibly. "Undertaker!" he repeated, with a kind of malice, perceiving the effect of the confession. "But I was clever. I discovered that most people cannot calculate, or add up, or see beyond the length of their noses; they are too stupid to better themselves; and they cannot discern the chances that are offering themselves all the time. They invite the devourer. I began to devour, Gerald. Yes—oh, yes! I saw my chances—and I devoured."

Still the son made no reply.

"I will tell you how I began. All round my place were streets filled with tenements—houses which let at ten shillings to fifteen.

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shillings a week, you know, each with two or three or four families in them. Well, I found that I could buy these houses for a song because they were just ready to tumble down. I bought them one by one; I repaired them myself. When I had got a whole street of ramshackle cottages—they were mortgaged as high as they would go—I made the first lucky bid. I doubled the rents. They cried out upon me, of course—the more you squeeze the louder they cry; they gave up the houses, but other people took them. Then I bought more houses. I kept on buying houses and running up the rents. People must live somewhere. Then I had a tidy bit o' money, and I cast about what to do with it. I thought at first of something considerable in the grocering, with a special line—a mustard or a pickle—something to advertise. Then I thought of money-lending. Everybody wants money. Everybody must have money sometimes, for his business: he must, or under he goes. I began to find that money. All the little people, the people that the bank won't look at, came to me. There was the jerry builder with his half-finished carcasses: there was the small shopkeeper with his account due: there was the young fellow beginning his tobacco shop: there was the dressmaker—they all came to me. I was their benefactor when they got the money: when they had to pay it back—I was the grinder and the usurer. Yes! Then I gave up this little way of business—got clear of everything and went off to the West End. I opened a place in Golden Square and called it a bank—not in my own name, you know. There I sat and there I lived—all by myself for twenty—yes—four and twenty years—ay—ay—

He was not thinking any more about his son: he was remembering the day of small things and his own wonderful good fortune.

"Money makes money," he said; "that is true everywhere. The banker lends money: the financier lends money: the solicitor lends money. A man must have a hundred pounds to save him from ruin: the lender gives him that hundred pounds—on conditions. He is quite right to make conditions. He sells his wares in as high a market as he can command—every trader does the same. The borrower is saved from disaster, and he has to pay for the accommodation. I have never been able to understand why money-lending is not considered as honourable a profession as any other. What do you say?"

His son said nothing.

"A man's got to be hard," he went on with his own apology, "so he must in any trade, if he wants to get on: hard and grasping, and careful over the small things as much as the great, because there's more of them. When you hear that a man has made money you understand that he's a hard man. I was hard—cruel hard—they called me. When I had my tenements the people called me Tenderheart, meaning just the contrary. See, Gerald?"

"I see."

"If you consider, it's the way of the world all over. Nothing so hard as Nature. Fall off a cliff and you'll be smashed. Go into malaria and you'll get diphtheria. There's no pity anywhere. Nature won't give in. The man who wants to succeed must be like Nature. He must never give in. There was never any nonsense about me, no giving in to tears and snivelling. 'There's the bond,' I said. 'Pay up! pay up!' That's the way I got on, Gerald."

"I begin to understand."

"My best client among the whole lot was General Tablett. It seems as if I owe most everything to his noble prodigality."

"My grandfather? Was he a . . . a client of yours?"

"He was. The General was dipped pretty deep when he came to me. But there was meat upon him still, and I had it. He was one of the old school: they're all gone now, I believe. They carried on in the high, cold, aristocratic style, as if money was water. His son, now, was quite of the other school."

"He had a son, then? My mother never told me."

"Of course! The son belonged to a lower set. He went to the bad very early, and went down and disappeared. The General was a gentleman, through and through: he taught me manners"—there was, in fact, the semblance of a certain Castilian bearing, a measured speech, a studied calm about this ex-builder and whilom *croque-mort*.

"And . . . and . . . and my mother?"

"When the General was ruined at last, and nobody would give or lend him anything, I made a proposal to him. I said, 'Let me marry your daughter, and I'll give you for the rest of your life—he was past sixty and had as many diseases as he had vices—one for each I believe—I'll give you five hundred a year. Moreover, I'll behave to your daughter as a gentleman. She shall never

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know what I am: nobody shall know except you and me.' Well, he accepted. And we so contrived it that your mother never did know. And she never regretted, Gerald. You remember that, always!"

It was a touch—the only touch—of a human heart. The man had loved his wife—to whom he never told the truth.

"And as for what I gave her—look round!"

There was plenty to look upon: the walls were hung with good pictures, the furniture was good, the windows opened

parish on the north of London, visited him or knew anything about him except by name.

"Look round you," he repeated; "what have I given you as well as your mother?"

"Yes!" Gerald rose and began to walk about the room. "But it's rather sudden. I am afraid—perhaps—do I comprehend the position? Are you—still?"

"No! I went out of business some years ago. I had had enough of it. The office is closed, the well-known money-lender of Golden Square has vanished; no one knows what has become of him. There



"ONLY REMEMBER . . . YOU'VE GOT TO BE HARD"

upon a noble garden; beyond the garden was an orchard; the house was one of the large villas which are found on the outskirts of London, it lay in its grounds hidden from the road by stately trees—it was the house of a rich man. The owner, Mr. Moorsom, was wheeled about his gardens in a chair. He was a widower; he had no daughters; the house was silent and empty save for the presence of his son and the friends he brought home with him. None of the people of the place, a great straggling

isn't much enjoyment of the money for me, but there is some. I reflect upon my success. I believe people think that I am a retired colonial. If you want to be quite retired go to a London suburb. As for the truth—no one will ever know unless you choose to tell him."

"I am to become an accomplice in the . . . the concealment?"

"If you choose to put it that way—yes. My dear boy, consider yourself. You've got your future before you, and you are

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ambitious. You have done great things at Cambridge; you are my sole heir, and I am worth—well—you shall see. I shall not live for ever, I suppose—" he spoke, however, doubtfully, as if everything was possible for one who had been otherwise so wonderfully favoured. "Whether I live or die, you can have all the money you want. You have been called to the bar. You can speak, you can debate, you know a quantity of fine things, you will go into the House, and you will rise there. You can rise to anything, you are the grandson of General Tablett, still remembered with respect for the amazing way he kept it up: you are also the son of a wealthy man who lives in retirement: you have manners: you have a good appearance: you have money: you have ability: the world is all before you. Who will ever suspect, or discover, that your father was a small builder, plumber, contractor and undertaker at first, afterwards a money-lender with the worst reputation in the world, said to have sold up and ruined hundreds of poor victims? It is the way with people who ruin themselves to curse the man who helped them on their way."

Gerald sighed and lifted his head.

"That is your line, my son, and a very fine line it is. Only remember," the old man sat up and shook a long and bony forefinger while his eyebrows contracted and his fierce eyes brightened, "whether you carry on my business, or any other business, whether you want to succeed in any line you take up, you've got to be hard. You've got to imitate the virtues of your father. Seize your chance the moment it presents itself. Seize it, trample on everybody. As for pity, or mercy, don't pretend to it. Trample on your enemies and climb over the heads of your friends. My business was to get rich. I did it. Your business is to become a great man. Do it! Watch for the chances. Climb over the heads of your friends, and trample!—trample!—trample!"

Gerald heard, but said nothing. He was bewildered; he was filled through and through with shame. One thing his father did not fully understand, how the son had been taught in a thousand ways, by his mother, by his school, by his companions and friends, to regard certain forms of money-getting as base and dishonourable to the last degree. He had always been a gentleman, a gentleman in the narrow sense of the word, not the large one; one of the school which believes that it takes three or

four generations to make a gentleman and more to make a gentlewoman, and that all the desirable things in the world belong to gentlemen: the best society, the highest culture, the seats of the mighty, all the dignity, all the authority, all the leading. And now, in this abrupt and unexpected manner, he had learned that none of the things which he had always thought his own belonged to him; he was arrayed in borrowed feathers; beneath those splendours was that familiar common object which he had always called the Cad.

"What has become of your own relations?" he asked his father, with another shudder, thinking of the things behind.

"I don't know. There were cousins; I have never asked what became of them. Down below, where I came from, we don't trouble much about cousins."

"Are there any of your own name? Any who know your—your history?"

"I tell you I know nothing about them. And certainly they know nothing about me. You need not be afraid that any of them will claim cousinship with you."

"It might be awkward. . . ."

"Look here, Gerald! No one can get at you except through me, and they can't get at me anyhow. Nobody knows, I say. You are quite safe."

"Ruined hundreds, ruined hundreds," the words kept dropping about the cells of the young man's brain. "Ruined hundreds."

"Well, Gerald, what are you thinking of?"

"Where was it—your birthplace—your place of business?"

His father named a certain quarter of London, one of the poorest and the lowest.

"I don't know the place," said Gerald.

"I have never been there."

"If you do go there you will be pleased, I think, to contrast the present conditions with those to which you might have been born. You will be more ready, I think, when you have considered how he began, to acknowledge your father's ability."

Gerald turned upon him suddenly and with a kind of fierceness.

"Why did you tell me all this? Why not leave me in my Fool's Paradise. Why not remain a gentleman and let me remain a gentleman? What did you do it for?"

His father made answer slowly:

"Well. Perhaps I did not like my son to despise me. You have shown a contempt for trade almost equal to that of your distinguished grandfather. I give you your

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fortune with this drawback—if you choose to make it one. And, after all, don't you think, Gerald, that since I made it all, and that you profit by my work, you ought to know the difficulties I had to face and the way I faced them?"

Again a touch of human nature. The father wanted to stand before his son as he was, exactly and truthfully. Gerald softened: the resentment went out of his face; he held out his hand.

"Yes, yes—you are quite right—to tell me. I ought to know how I came by all these advantages. It was rather sudden, that is all. I think that I will go away and think things over for a bit."

He went away. For two or three days the father and son met at dinner and conversed of things indifferent.

Then Gerald spoke, plunging abruptly into the subject.

"Of course," he said, "I have been thinking of nothing else."

"Naturally," said his father kindly. "Enough to make anybody think."

"I could have wished," he said, "that the origin of the fortune had been otherwise. As it is, the best thing will be, as you said, to make no difference."

"You must trample," said his father. "Have no mercy and show no pity. Trample straight on."

"I will try to imitate your virtues." His face hardened as he spoke. "I will think of nothing in the world but of my own ambition."

CHAPTER I.—THE SITUATION

TWO young men in a room: the time, evening: the season, October. The room was the study in a bachelor's flat; the walls were covered with books; there was a portfolio on a stand containing engravings; the table was covered with papers; on the overmantel was a portrait in oil of a lady.

One of the men was Gerald Moorsom, the other was the Hon. James Crozier, commonly called Jem, son of Lord Fylingdale. He was remarkable among his contemporaries, first on account of a square and sturdy build and a figure which indicated more than a taurine strength; his yellow hair and his blue eyes gave distinction to features that were otherwise commonplace; he looked out upon the world with a countenance of unfailing cheerfulness. The two had been together at Eton and together

at Cambridge; while the Hon. James rowed stroke of the first boat, the other was contented with a place in the Third Boat; and when Gerald became Senior Classic, his friend was quite contented with a place anywhere in the Poll. They were friends of that enduring kind where no rivalry can be possible, because the lines laid down for each were not parallel. One was going to be a country gentleman, and in course of time a Peer; the other, with certain advantages to begin with, as of wealth, of a certain social position, of University distinction, of an excellent manner, and of a definite ambition, stood on the threshold of an arena white with the bones of those who have fought and fallen.

"I like to see all these books and papers," said Jem. "They mean business. In my room at the Settlement there isn't a single book. In fact, I don't want any books at all."

"I have to arrive, you see. You are already there."

"My grandfather got there. Lucky for me, wasn't it? Truly grateful should we be when the grandfather does arrive. Well, Gerald, how are you going to get there? House and the Cabinet? Or Law and the Woolsack? Go for the Woolsack. It's better fun, and there's more money in it."

"I don't want any money, Jem. There's plenty of money." His face darkened. "I wish there wasn't. You see—I'm not certain. Perhaps . . . I don't know . . . it's just as good fun to give it all up and have done with it. Why should I worry?"

"You will worry, because you've got what they call an active brain. You must worry, because you're dying to show that you're better than the whole lot taken together. You want to trample on them."

"Trample?" he repeated. "Why, it's all trample. One man tramples and gets rich, and another tramples and climbs up. I say, Jem, that I don't know if the game is worth the candle."

"Isn't it, though? Do you mean to say that my grandfather would have been half as happy if he had been a simple solicitor, as his father was before him, with a snug practice and a partnership and a house at Wimbledon? Do you think he despised the Attorney-Generalship and looked down on the Chancellorship and thought a Peerage not worth having, and the respect of everybody not worth the candle? Don't you believe it."

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"It would be wiser, I sometimes think, to sit outside and look on—and perhaps—presently—write——"

"No. Certainly not."

"I might make a mark that way—and quietly without fighting."

"What kind of mark? These writing chaps give themselves airs. Nobody really cares for them. What's the name of a fellow who writes papers for the magazines and books on anything you please compared with the name of a man who acts? The man who writes! Anybody can write. Don't demean yourself, Gerald, by becoming the man who writes!"

"Well, there's something to be said for him, too. He may show the way. Perhaps he may see more clearly than the man who acts."

"Look here, Gerald"—Jam got up and laid a heavy hand upon his friend's shoulder—"what's come over you? Ever since I've known you it has been the same thing—glory and honour; after a good fight, to come up top. You're full of fight. What do you mean by shirking just when the time's come? Man! you were born for politics. You don't want money; you can speak; you can meditate like a jolly old monk; and you're a gentleman all round. The House of Commons was made for such as you; and the House of Lords keeps its doors open for such—when the time comes."

He did not observe that at the words "a gentleman all round" his friend's face darkened and the brow contracted as if with a sudden pain.

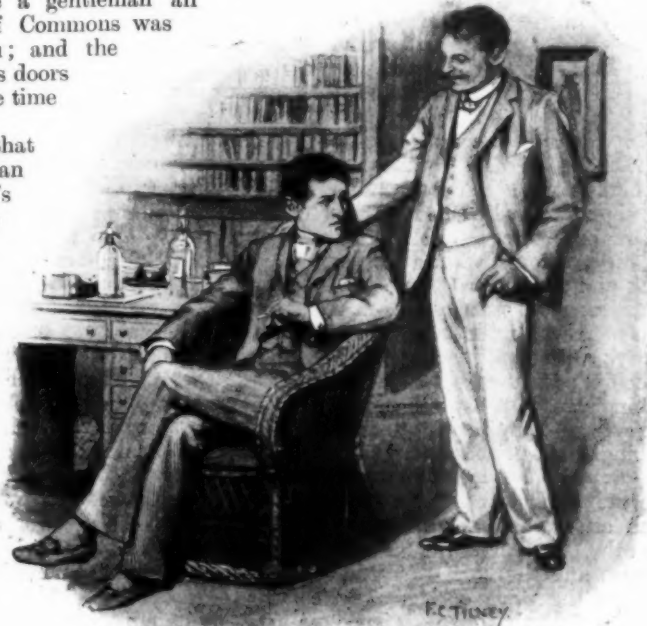
"It's your duty, Gerald, so there's no more to be said." He sat down again with a cheerful smile at this satisfactory summary of the situation.

Four months had passed since the disclosure we have already read; and two months since the person chiefly concerned had been called to another world. Gerald found himself the owner of a great fortune, invested here

and there in all kinds of securities. On his father's death he made haste to go through all the papers, partly on the chance of finding out more concerning the family history, and partly in the fear of learning that other people knew the truth. There was not a single document, not a single line, to identify Mr. Isaac Moorsom with the notorious usurer, with the German name, of Golden Square. All the property was held in his own name; his will made no reference to his past occupation; it seemed as if the man had deliberately separated himself from the past and gone into retirement from which he never emerged, so that no one should ever recognise him. He had no friends, not a single friend; he managed his own affairs; he effaced himself so thoroughly that he did not leave even a photograph of himself by which the world could prove his identity with the man of Golden Square.

Gerald broke up the establishment, sent the pictures and plate to store, sold the furniture, let the house, and took a bachelor's flat in Piccadilly.

These changes occupied the summer; when he had completed his arrangements



"YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN ALL ROUND"

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the Vacation was over, and the people were coming back from various parts of the habitable globe to town or their country houses.

But when Gerald met his old friends again he made another discovery, namely, that his whole attitude of mind towards them, and the world at large, had, in the meantime, undergone a change.

As regards the former, he no longer belonged to them, although they knew it not; he had been practically cut off from them—if he continued with them it was by the maintenance of false pretences. For the first thing expected by these people is that any one of themselves should be what the Germans call "High Well Born." Self-made men may be admitted to their circle by right of genius and ability—such men as artists, poets, actors, clergymen. But these never become quite of the inner ring. Gerald had been received into such a set as a boy. Gerald talked sometimes in perfect good faith of ancestors—Sir Amyas, one of Queen Mary's Judges, part of whose library was still preserved; Sir George, the sea Captain, who commanded a ship under the Duke of York; the venerable Archdeacon (*temp.* George I) whose sermons were in the library; the boy spoke of these forbears—these shallow shams and ghosts—with perfect belief in them. It was disagreeable to give them up; it was impossible to explain that they had been given up.

We are a democratic country; so is America; so also is France. The more democratic we become the more distinct, and separate, and exclusive—which seems a paradox—are the circles of those who put birth before everything else. If you think of it, why not? To be "well-born" is neither more nor less an accident than to be born with genius; with administrative ability; with an ear for music; with an eye for colour; with a pile ready made; or with nothing at all. A distinctive and exclusive circle formed entirely of those born with nothing at all, neither ancestry, nor wealth, nor any kind of ability, would be an interesting feature in modern society. Such circles, perhaps, might be recruited from the Unions and the Shelters, the Doss Houses and the Casual Wards. One can imagine the pride of belonging to such a set—the first, the greatest, the most exclusive, in the whole country; the set of those who never have anything; never do anything; never have any ambition; are

obliged to do all the drudgery; and actually do as little of that as they can manage.

The situation was full of difficulties. As a man of honour, it was intolerable that Gerald should go about the world and be received under false pretences. On the other hand, to explain was impossible. He began, therefore, to step quietly out of the circle of friends; he declined invitations into the country; he thought of going abroad for a time; yet a young man cannot become a solitary.

His ambitions remained with him. Yet here, again, was another difficulty. He would succeed; he must succeed; he had no doubt that he should succeed. And when he did succeed, the world would insist upon knowing all about him; who he was, of what country, of what extraction. Even if the connection with Golden Square remained undiscovered, the world would ask, and would insist upon knowing, who and what was Moorsom *père*, and how the money was made. What should he tell the world in the day of inquiry?

There was a man some five-and-twenty years ago who played a considerable part in journalism; he was a power in the land; he was very much respected as a power; he was a good deal talked about as a power; but the leading fact of his personality was that no one, not even his most intimate friends, knew who he was or where he came from. The mystery of the thing; the strange fact that nobody in any town or village of the Three Kingdoms, rose up, in the days of his fame, to call him brother or cousin, made the world more curious; so that, whenever the paper which he conducted was mentioned, some one was sure to call attention to the singular circumstance that no one had ever been able to find out the editor's origin. At last he died. "Now," everybody said, with a sigh of relief, "we shall learn who the man's people were." They were wrong; he left all his money to a person who could not be a cousin, or a brother, or any relation, and said not a word in his will about his own people. And now, I suppose, the world has left off wondering over this mystery.

I do not know if Gerald had heard of this case: it might have cheered him, if only on account of the success with which the secret was kept to the very end. On the other hand, it involved the disagreeable necessity of maintaining a mystery if not a pretence,

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and it involved a single and a solitary life—loveless and friendless.

He preserved his ambitions except at moments when, as we have seen, the trouble they would involve seemed to make the object hardly worth the candle. Formerly he believed in his future as a prince may believe in Divine Right. Once there was a prince who held firmly to Divine Right until he made a little discovery. Then he said no more about Divine Right, but loosened his sword in the scabbard and spoke of the mailed hand. Gerald was like that prince. He had to conquer and to hold; not to succeed. To do him justice, he did not shrink from the battle. But he did shrink from the discovery of certain skeletons. He had them under lock and key; no one knew even that there were any skeletons. Yet there are ghosts of skeletons: and ghosts do sometimes walk.

As regards the world, he was unconscious of the change in his attitude. When a young man has received as a free gift most of the things that other men desire, he is generally disposed to regard the world at large with kindly feelings. Generosity of sentiment, when one has thirty thousand a year, is easy, and requires no sacrifice or surrender of anything. Gerald, who studied his fellow-man through the pages of the political economist—a philosopher who may be unsympathetic yet is never venomous—had no reason to think of the world below, except indulgently. It was a part of the world which gave a great deal of trouble and required an immense number of laws, courts, judges, magistrates, policemen, and prisons. He intended, himself, to make laws for this great section of humanity.

Considering his benevolent intentions, it was strange that he should so far veer round as to regard the world, especially the world below, with a kind of impatience and contempt. He now spoke of the class to which he himself belonged by birth as a horde of sheep waiting to be devoured: or as machines working to make other people rich: or as unintelligent slaves to the necessities of the day and the base pleasures of the moment. The shepherds and the shepherds' dogs devoured those sheep: the taskmasters with whips of scorpions kept them hungry, kept them at work, kept them in submission.

It was this new attitude which astonished and, indeed, dismayed his friend. What did it mean?

Gerald turned the conversation. "Never mind me," he said. "How about yourself and your own ambitions?"

"Haven't got any. It is always understood that the second, third, and fourth generations should do nothing. They live on the reputation of the first. Would you have me outshine my grandfather? Never! I shall be a Justice of the Peace: a landlord: a farmer: chairman of this and that. Meantime I am trying to find out what the people are like. After all, it's only staring in a looking-glass. There's a great lot of miscellaneous humanity about our Settlement."

"Oh! Your Settlement," Gerald dismissed the thing with contempt. "The place where you teach people to be æsthetic on twenty shillings a week."

"You've got it," said the cheerful James. "We give them peacocks' feathers."

"As for me, I see that the people who do the work—for us—have got to be rough and rude, else they would do the work for themselves—see!"

"I see. Perhaps it would be as well for us if they did all the work for themselves."

"No. It would be far worse. There must be a class which need not work—except for the State. It would be far worse for the State if we did not exist."

"I don't know. The separation of classes has been carried too far. Gerald," he looked up, inspired, "you've never seen a Settlement. Come and see ours. You will alter these new views of yours. Why, man, you used to believe in the education of the world. Come and see us at work."

"I will come if you like. Not that I shall change my views. The lump, Jem, the big, solid, heavy lump, must be left to themselves, and kept in order by the policeman."

"All right, you'll come! And, I say, Gerald, no more stuff about writing. You're made for fighting: there's a fine gleam of ferocity in your eyes when you let yourself rip, there's a beautiful squareness about your chin. Man alive! you're a gladiator! You shall add a coronet if you like to the achievements of your House."

He clapped Gerald on the shoulder, and wondered why his friend turned upon him a forced smile and eyes full of trouble. You see, he was ignorant of the real achievements of Gerald's House.

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CHAPTER II.—THE EVENING

IT was the end of Saturday evening: there had been the usual functions; the weekly reception in the drawing-room of the Settlement; a lecture in the hall—the same lecture which, a week before, had been delivered at the Royal Institution; the clubs were shut up for the night; the lawyer had seen his last client; some of the members were seeking the solace of tobacco; the library was closed. In the drawing-room the people, who belonged to the better class of working men, were melting away: it was curious to note how closely a reception at the Settlement resembled one in society, though the men wore no evening dress and the women came in stuff frocks. Some knew everybody; some knew nobody; some gathered in groups and talked together, with perhaps more vivacity than one observes towards the setting sun: the ladies of the Settlement went about among the groups, bringing people together; one or two of the men helped; one played the violin, another the piano; but chiefly as an encouragement to the conversation; if they wanted music they could have it at their concerts. The furniture might be called æsthetic; it was certainly artistic; so were the curtains; so were the rugs on the floor; and the pictures on the wall made no concessions to what is considered popular taste.

When the visitors had all gone the members of the Settlement threw themselves into chairs and sighed. At the end of the week one has a right to be tired. There were four or five ladies and as many of the other kind. The Settlement, indeed, follows the good old Saxon rule which admitted within the convent walls both men and women. First, because the work is of either gender, and requires the hands and brain of woman as well as of man; next, because men, left to themselves, lose some of the finer qualities which are wanted for a Settlement, and because women, left to themselves, are apt to magnify the smaller issues out of their due proportion. I believe that, so far, the voice of calumny has not been raised against this rule, which is, indeed, the only rule that ensures the maintenance of the true spirit. The life, so far as it was common, was as open as that of the Benedictine Cloister: everybody knew what everybody else was doing; they messed together in the dining hall; there was a library for all, a reading and writing

room for all, and a drawing-room for all; if the members desired to be solitary, each had his own room.

After the first sigh of relief and fatigue they began to talk, but without much animation. When one is in a settled line of work there is not much need of conversation about it. One might as well expect the officers of a regiment to discuss every evening the details of the daily drill.

One after the other got up and went out. There were left three ladies only. One of these, a woman of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, was remarkable for the air of resolution and even defiance which was habitual with her. She sat bolt upright, looking before her through the glasses of her pince-nez: she was short of stature, and, if one may use the expression, of a sturdy build. She wore a plain dress, one which suggested a certain impatience as to choice and fashion; and by the angle of her neck and chin, if not by the set lips, one could guess that she was of the kind which stands no nonsense. Her name was Janet Britton, and her work, which was not, properly speaking, the work of the Settlement, was the collection of rents.

On the rug before the fire stood the first and oldest member of the Settlement, which was itself no more than three years of age. She was still quite young, not more than four or five-and-twenty, of a handsome figure, and of that stature which, ten years ago, would have been called above the average. It has become the actual average since girls have effected the New Revolution in the length of limb. Her face was serious and capable: a large face belonging to a large head fitted to a strong frame; perhaps the prevailing expression was hard—but then her work required a great amount of courage and resolution; her clear grey eyes could certainly grow soft on occasion, and her lips, which to-night were firmly set, thinking of the work before her, could certainly be moved on occasion to the flexibility of pity and sympathy. For the rest, a gentlewoman, careful in her dress, which was becoming, and of costly material and in the fashion; careful of all the outward things, as a woman ought to be, such as the arrangement of her hair, the touch of colour, the flower in its place, the ring and the bracelet and the chain about her neck: it was part of her work to show the people who came to the Receptions how a gentlewoman ought to dress, as well as how she ought to carry herself, and how she



"WE ARE A LITTLE COMPANY, AND THEY ARE A GREAT MASS"

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should think and talk. The Settlement, you see, is by no means a leveller: it is an elevator; now Helen Wentworth was the leading spirit in the elevation.

The third was younger, not more than twenty or so—a fair-haired slender girl. She looked fagged and dispirited. She leaned her face on her hand.

"You are so strong, Helen," she said. "Oh! so brave and strong."

"No stronger than you, Beatrice. But perhaps, shall I say, a little more hopeful?"

"Oh! And I began so full of hope. And nothing seems to make any impression. One of them—Floss it was—had been drinking when she came to-night. And a horrid boy—a big, strong creature—was waiting for her. It makes my heart sink."

"You must not let things like that make your heart sink," said Janet snappishly. "It's all part of the work."

"It seems as if nothing would move them from their old ways," the other went on. "They go on drinking, and everything just the same as if we were not here."

"What do you expect of them?" Janet asked.

Helen took her hand. "My dear child," she said softly, "we are a little company, and they are a great mass. Do you suppose that after working here for a year or two, or ten years, or for fifty years, we shall be able to shut up the public-houses and make all the men sober and all the women cleanly minded? You are only one of the pioneers." The slight and slender girl looked, to be sure, very much like a pioneer. "Think of the people we have already moved. Think of what has been done in the House this very night. What sort of people were they before we came?"

The door opened and two men came in. One was our friend Jem Crozier, the other was Gerald Moorsom.

"Helen," Jem took Gerald by the arm, "I want to introduce my friend Mr. Moorsom. He has come to see the Settlement."

Helen gave him her hand graciously. The other two bowed, and after a minute or two quietly withdrew. At the Settlement it was customary for everybody to come and go without notice or remark; a ceremonious Settlement would be too terrible for endurance.

"Moorsom and I were at school together. He got all the prizes; I got all the honours of the other end. Then we went to Trinity together. He swept the board, and I pulled

through. He's a barrister now, and he's going into the House, and then you shall see."

"We have many visitors," said Helen. "Some are already in sympathy with us, some do not understand us, some mistrust us." She sat down on the sofa and invited Gerald to sit beside her. Jem looked on, standing, as if to see fair play.

"I cannot honestly say that I am in sympathy with you."

"Give him time!" said Jem cheerfully.

"I have come by invitation," Gerald explained. "Jem thinks that we should all know exactly how everybody lives. For my own part, I have hitherto been contented with the broad facts."

"Now you will have the details," said Helen, smiling. "Broad facts are enough for most purposes. . . . Not for all."

"Not, I should think"—Gerald became unexpectedly aggressive: it is the way with young men of "promise"—"if you are lifting people above their station."

"I knew how it would be," said Jem. "Enlighten him, Helen. He knows nothing."

"That is not at all our desire," she replied, with a serious smile.

"Or if you are making them discontented."

"Some kinds of discontent are laudable, are they not?"

"Or if you are giving them tastes which they cannot gratify."

"We give them new tastes, and we show them how to cultivate and gratify these new tastes."

"He's got everything to learn," said Jem. "You must take him in hand seriously, Helen."

"We teach them," she continued, "to like good music, and we give them good music, and good reading, and we give them books; we get hold of the young people. Surely, Mr. Moorsom, you cannot object to such aims as these?"

"I have no right to object to anything. I have come to see what you are doing. May I ask questions?"

"As many as you please."

"Well, then! You give them all these things. Why give them anything? Let them earn all they get, and let them find out for themselves what they want."

"We show them the way, you see. It is a quicker method."

"I speak as a fool," said Gerald, "but . . . well . . . there is a certain structure

which we call society. It rests on nothing else but the orderly and quiet working of the wage-earning class. We all belong to that structure. If the wage-earning class refuses to work, or if it will only work for higher wages, what becomes of your structure? Down it falls—and with it, down we fall, too."

"I am not afraid of that contingency," said Helen, smiling. "Besides, we are preparing a soft place to fall upon. If civilisation means anything, it must mean the elevation of all, not a few. The old civilisation has been limited, everywhere and in every age, to the privileged class. Therefore it is not, and has never been, stable. A new kind of civilisation has been preparing. It will be the chief glory of this expiring century that it has been the mother of the new civilisation."

"To me all this seems an idle dream. The lower classes are composed mainly of those who are lower in intellect as well as in work. They do the drudgery. Why? Because they are incapable of anything else. Now and then, here and there, a man arises who is an exception. He becomes an agitator, and a demagogue. Mostly, they murder him. Or he sees chances which his companions can never see, he trades on their ignorance and their necessities, and makes himself rich. Then he leaves them and goes away and becomes a gentleman." Gerald said this, by dint of long habit, without the least outward sign of the swift reminder in his brain.

"Oh! that kind of gentleman!" said Helen. "With the heritage of robbery for his children! How long does such a family endure?"

Gerald, rudely recalled to his own position, changed colour, and showed unexplained trouble in his eyes.

"You can't make a gentleman," said the Honourable James dogmatically, "in less than three generations. It's impossible. I'm the third generation myself. Now you and I, old man, are gentlemen born. We can spot an outsider when we see him."

Gerald wondered how long it would be before he himself would be spotted as an outsider.

Helen perceived the signals of trouble, and was struck with them. Not knowing what had been said to cause this confusion, she explained curtly her own view. "I think that generations of refinement should certainly produce a distinct manner; a way of looking at things—in some cases a deeper

sense of duty and honour. In the civilisation that is to come we shall train all our people alike on the same lines."

"So that the strong shall not devour the weak; and the man who can see shall never take advantage over the purblind; and the man who can command will consent to obey? Do you really hope to accomplish so much?"

"I think only of what may be in the distant future. We must work for that future. Man, who can tear out the secrets of Nature, will surely in time understand the parallel laws of the Higher Morality. Are they so much more difficult to learn than the truths of Nature?"

"In any case, man will always be dominated by the instinct of Self Preservation first, and by the love of enjoyment next. This keeps him wallowing in his sty. He is a solitary animal, and he lives in his own den with his wife and children. He cares nothing about other men unless he can compel them to work for him. For his own advantage he will trample on everybody—as a rule, he is too stupid to understand his own interests, and so the unstable structure of society remains."

"That's the way he talks," said Jem, observing the symptoms like a physician. "He goes on like that all the time. That's his new line. He used to speak kindly of his fellow creatures."

"We must keep him here till we have converted him," said Helen, with compassion.

"I have promised to stay a week."

"And if you will go round and look about, and see what things mean, and put yourself in the place of these people"—she rose and looked at the clock, which pointed to midnight—"the people whom you have never seen, from whom you are separated by I know not how many generations, you will, I think, cease to fear so much for your social structure."

She held out her hand: it was a warm, kindly hand; her eyes, he observed, were soft, although they seemed to look straight into his brain. It is with such eyes that women read thoughts, and lead men whither they had not thought to go.

"We are looking," she said, "for another and a far fairer structure than your narrow temple which holds so few."

"Gerald is an Australian," said Jem, as if the fact explained his reactionary views.

"No . . . not by birth. . . It is true—"

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He stopped abruptly, because those eyes looked as if they were reading the truth at the back of his head.

"I have heard," she said, "that the sons of a democracy very often cross over to the other side. I suppose they are impatient because everything is not won all at once. We want a great deal of patience with each other, and a great deal of belief in each other. Good-night!"

With such sentiments concerning the work and aims of the Settlement did

Gerald enter its walls. Had he gone there before that revelation of the past it would have been with a more cheerful view of humanity. Now—had not his own father risen upon the necessities and ignorance of the people? What were dreams and theories compared with actual experience and fact?

"And now," said Jem, "let's have a pipe and a talk. Never mind the social structure so long as we can sit and talk! Come to my room."



The Secret of the River.



THE west wind sleeps, the drowsy
flowers
Will fold their petals up ere
long.
The birds that have been mute
for hours
Are singing Evensong.
Only the River cannot rest,
It hides a secret in its breast.
And swift and strange its flight
must be
Before it reach the sea.

O River, wait, the children
plead:
The sea is very far away,
Far from cool wood and plea-
sant mead,
Through cities drear and
grey:

And sad the waters are, and brown,
That flow through busy wharf and
town.

But still the River laughs, and sings
Unutterable things.

What ails you, River, that you run
And fret between your grassy bars;
Broad flashing in the noontide sun
Or shimmering 'neath the stars?

Stay, where the daisies deck your brink,
And mild-eyed cattle come to drink,—
Yet still the River rushes on,
Impatient to be gone.

Past village spires, through forest shade,
Across the heathery moorland waste,
To dockyards black with smoke and trade
It speeds with ceaseless haste:
On, where no blossoms fringe the bank,
But water-weeds float thick and rank;
And ever as it further flows
Sadder the river grows!

Then out, with many a curve and wind.
As some wild creature slips its chain,
It leaves the haunts of men behind
And hurries to the main:
Where salt winds sweep the reedy marsh,
And sea-gulls clamour loud and harsh,
Until it surges strong and wide
Into the ocean's tide.

Yet never hath the River told
To mortal ear the mystery deep,
To-day as potent as of old,
That will not let it sleep—
That draws it like some human soul,
Restless until it reach its goal,
From the first hour its laughing rills
Leapt down the green-clad hills!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

On Reading

BEING SOME EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS

BY THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L., M.P.

Among the services rendered by the National Home Reading Union, has been the calling forth of wise and helpful words from those competent to advise. At its last Annual Meeting an address was given on "Reading" by the Right Hon. James Bryce. By the kind permission of the Committee of the N.H.R. Union we are enabled to give the following extracts from a most stimulating address.



HOW is any untrained person of any age, but especially of youthful years, how is anyone to know which out of the enormous mass of books he shall select as being worth reading, whether those best worth reading in themselves, or whether those that are best fitted for his or her own taste and environment? There is nowadays a great deal of curiosity among young people, there is a great deal of a certain vague ardent undetermined love of knowledge, but it must necessarily be in the majority of people an undiscerning curiosity, a curiosity which is not able to determine the books by which it will best be satisfied. I do not know that there is anything more tragic than to see a young ardent zealous man really anxious for knowledge, really determined to acquire knowledge, spend upon worthless books the trouble and time and pains which would have gone to benefit him if spent upon good ones. Somebody has said that one of the best maxims of life is never to read a bad book, meaning by a bad book not a morally bad book, but a worthless book, a book that has nothing to teach, either because it is inaccurate, or because it is written so as not to be able to convey its ideas. I am quite sure anyone can satisfy himself by looking at the books in a bookseller's shop, or on a stall at a railway station, or, for the matter of that, at the advertisements in the newspapers, what an enormous circulation the worthless books

have, and what an immense number there are upon which time and labour are hopelessly and utterly wasted.

Special lines of reading are on the whole more interesting and more profitable than the so-called "general" reading that takes up a book of history one week, a book of elementary science the next, a book of geography the third, and so on. It is better for the great majority of people to let their reading run upon certain lines, those being the lines in which they feel themselves most interested.

* * *

Newspapers But you may perhaps interpose with a prior difficulty and ask: Why, in speaking of reading, one should talk of books; is there not another class of reading which is much easier, much cheaper to procure, of much greater variety, and which at the same time contains a great deal of knowledge and information, which we must all admit the value of? There is a large quantity of literature which comes into the hands of almost all of us every morning, and into the hands of many both morning and evening, that is, the newspapers. I suppose that nine-tenths for most of us, and ninety-nine hundredths for many of us, of our reading is done from the newspapers, and a considerable percentage of the rest consists of light reading. Newspapers are very cheap: they are full of facts and information of all sorts, and they are full of facts of great value: they are not confined to facts; I admit they contain a certain number—in some countries

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a large proportion—of efforts of the imagination.

Mr. Cobden, you will remember, said—it was a curious saying, and I shall come back to it—that there was more instruction to be got from a single copy of the "Times" than from the whole of the works of Thucydides. Newspapers are a necessity of life, and one can hardly imagine how life could go on without them. They contain a mass of information which requires a most extended and highly ramified organisation to bring to us every morning. Now, I think it is only our familiarity with the newspaper which makes us forget what an amazing picture, complicated, comprehensive, vivid, all-embracing, it presents to us of the daily life and work of the nation, and, indeed, of the civilised world. Read through a single copy of one of our large newspapers like the "Times" from end to end, and you will be perfectly astonished to find into how many parts of the world you are carried, how many lines of human life are opened up to you, how many branches of study are touched upon or suggested, how much is given you that you might think upon, and what a mass of knowledge of your own, what an amount of comprehension of all sorts and topics would be needed to be able to appreciate and understand the matters given in a single copy of the "Times"! It is only our familiarity makes us forget all this. I remember very well what was said by one of the most brilliant minds I have ever known, the late John Richard Green, whose "History of the English People" I daresay you have all read. I recollect his saying to me, "The first necessity of life to me is the newspaper in the morning; the letters of my dearest friends, letters on all important questions of business, they are nothing to me compared with the newspaper; what I must have daily is to see how the world is moving." One can very well understand that feeling; one can see how much it is that the newspaper may be made to say to us if we have the power to comprehend it. Yet we mostly agree that a reading which consists mainly of newspapers is not a reading sufficient to support the human mind. But why is that? Not on account of any want of matter in the newspapers.

What is
Reading? And that is why we want to
go to the very first principles
of the matter, and ask ourselves
what we mean by reading. Now,
printed words which we take up in our

hands are only a substitute for talk which we take up with our brains. Man began to talk and convey his ideas to his fellows by spoken words; and printed words are only an imperfect substitute for spoken words, and never can be anything more. The earliest form of literature, the primitive form of literature is nearest to talk; and talk is the impact of one mind upon another, the effort of one mind to convey to another mind what is in it, and, concurrently, to receive back from the mind addressed its impression of the ideas which have come from the other mind; and therefore talk is a collision of two minds in which each gives and each receives, and therefore each is a stimulant to the other; the mind that speaks stimulates the mind that receives.

And it is worth remembering in this connection how much of our best literature was produced before the use of letters came into vogue, or at any rate, before the use of letters had become sufficiently general to make them a permanent factor in life. If you think of all the best primitive literature, of the Homeric poems, for instance, of many of the primitive songs, of our own ballads, or, if you like, for the matter of that, think of a great deal of the literature of the Old Testament, of the Psalms and Prophets, you will perceive how much that is highest in point of literary merit and capacity for stirring emotion was produced with little or no aid from the written word at all. Now you will recollect there is a remarkable passage in Plato where he suggests, in his half serious way, putting the remark into the mouth of an Egyptian sage, that perhaps it was a misfortune for mankind that the use of writing was ever discovered; and that the human mind would have been more powerful, with a greater capacity for reflection, a greater power of going to the bottom of things, a greater capacity of grasping ideas, and he might perhaps have added, a greater perfection of simplicity in form, if it had never resorted to this agent and to the help which the use of writing gives.

One may again remember how much of the best literature of the times when books were known was produced by people who read very few books. If you think how small the library of Dante or Shakespeare was and compare it with ours, you will see how very small a part the quantity of books bears to the stimulation of intellectual faculty, and to the production of

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literature of the highest excellence. Well, of course, it is true that the use of printed words is of the highest utility to man, for we have an accumulation which carries enormous benefits with it; it enables us to preserve the ideas which would otherwise have been lost, and it gives us the command of an infinitely wider range of facts. All I desire to call your attention to is that there is a certain amount of loss involved in the use of the written word as compared with the spoken word; in other words, there is less reaction of the recipient mind.

And therefore reading, when we look at it from this point of view, is perceived not to be a mechanical operation, but in reality the appropriation by the reader of that which is conveyed to him by the writer. It is the attempt to make the writer's thought your thought, to take it into your own mind, to make it a part of yourself, to let it produce upon you the same kind of reaction that would have been produced if the writer had been standing in front of you and speaking the words he addresses to you through the printed page.

Of course, remembering what has been read is a part of the use of reading; but remembering is of very little value unless it is remembering in relation to that which you know already. It is an interesting thing to notice—it is a familiar thing, of course, but still it is worth mentioning—that the power of memory is always greatest where there is the greatest reaction of your own mind upon what you read or hear. There, of course, your memory is the most definite and intense. This is because pleasure is the concomitant. Pleasure is the concomitant of any activity of mind or body which is freely exercised. Where the faculty is vigorous, powerful, active, and plays with readiness, there pleasure is the necessary concomitant; and, therefore, where the faculty of intelligence and judgment is stimulated by what is heard or read, there pleasure naturally follows, and the greater the stimulus the more intense the pleasure. The pleasure being more intense, the memory is also quickened, and becomes more tenacious. Hence, every exertion of our faculties is accompanied by an emotional satisfaction, and the emotional satisfaction which we call pleasure is that which, intensifying the whole action, makes it remain a part of ourselves, and binding it with us makes it valuable in a way it could not be if the whole thing had gone on as a mere

mechanical operation without the action of the mind in the way of judging and thinking.

Now, in order that reading may mean, as it ought to mean, appropriation and the taking up and making part of one's self the ideas one receives, two things are necessary. One of these is, of course, a certain measure of natural faculty. In some people the natural faculty of the brain and the mind is a great deal more acute, more swift, more powerful than it is in others; and, of course, these will be the persons who will read fastest, who will appropriate most completely, and in whom the reaction will be most prompt and energetic; and, indeed, there is hardly a better test of mental power than the capacity of rapidly reading and appropriating a book. I have sometimes thought if this capacity were tested in a competitive examination it might be one of the best tests that could be used. You will find that people of great mental power are almost always capable of rapidly reading and digesting the contents of a book. Some of the scholars of the Renaissance whose attainments in learning are almost inconceivable to us were distinguished by this more than anything else. I do not think you could have had a more remarkable example than Macaulay; if you read through the list of books he was able to go through in the course of a few weeks or months, and that in a way that made him take the whole of them in, very often accompanied by annotating the books, you would realise with admiration the powers of mind such swift reading required.¹ This faculty is of course a faculty we owe to Nature; we may improve it, but it is given to some in large measure and to others in small measure. That is one of the two things—to be able to appropriate quickly.

¹ Our readers will thank us for recalling here Lord Rosebery's words in his address on "Bookishness and Statesmanship." "On Macaulay's herculean feats as a man of books I dare not dwell. He seems to have reached his climax in India. On his voyage out he had read, he says, 'insatiably the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Virgil, Horace, Caesar's "Commentaries," Bacon "De Augmentis," Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, "Don Quixote," Gibbon's "Rome," Snell's "India," all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's "History of France," and the seven thick folios of the "Biographia Britannica." And again, in another account, he says, 'I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English; folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos.' And after his arrival he sums it all up by saying: 'Books are becoming everything to me. If I had at this moment my choice of life I would busy myself in one of those immense libraries that we saw together at the Universities. I never pass a waking hour without a book before me.' Thus speaks the true man of books." —ED. L.H.

On Reading

But the other thing is largely within our power; that is, concentration, the power of fixing the attention steadily upon that which is being heard or read.

And now I am coming round, by this circuitous path; I am coming round to our friends the newspapers. Concentration is necessary for all proper mental reaction; unless your own mind is bent upon what you are hearing or reading the reaction does not occur; if your mind is languid or restless or unduly hasty, there cannot be this reaction, and therefore there cannot be the appropriation. A man who reads a thing in haste does not appropriate it, and consequently easily forgets it. And where the interest is feeble, in proportion to its feebleness so is the feebleness of the attempt to appropriate. Now, it follows that if a man is in the habit of reading with very little attention, he gets into the habit of having no reaction. If you form the habit of reading very hastily, so hastily that you cannot attend, or if you are in the habit of reading one thing immediately after another of a different kind, so that your mind is continually carried from one subject to another, there cannot be concentration, there cannot be reaction, there cannot be appropriation. Take the case of a business man who comes up by train every morning on the Great Eastern Railway, and buys his newspaper at Ponder's End or Tottenham. He reads through the whole of the "Standard," or "Chronicle," or "Telegraph," or "Daily News" in the train on the way up; he reads about an enormous number of different topics, but probably by the time he reaches Liverpool Street Station an extremely small residuum of those topics is in his mind, and certainly next morning hardly anything remains. The one thing upon which his mind will be fixed will be the market reports of the goods in which he is dealing or with which his business is concerned; his mind will fix upon that at once, there will be a proper and energetic reaction, he will appropriate the facts, and he will begin to consider whether he ought to buy or sell. If he is interested in politics there will be a reaction, but probably a much feebler one. On ordinary matters there will be hardly any reaction at all, and what he reads will soon pass from his mind.

* * *

Magazines. The same thing holds good with regard to reading a magazine, even reading one of the best monthly magazines. You are lounging at the club,

and take up a magazine out of sheer listlessness, you go on reading through the magazine from beginning to end, and you have read ten or twelve articles. Each article is well written—it is extraordinary how well they are written nowadays—and probably those ten or twelve articles will all be well written. But they relate to quite different subjects. While you are reading each you think you are learning a good deal, and sometimes you come across things you would like to remember, and if you had a note-book you would like to take a note of the fact or the idea the writer is conveying; but by the time you have risen, after having spent an hour or an hour and a half, or two hours, in going through this monthly magazine, you will have an extremely confused idea of what the magazine contained, and very little will remain with you, and at the end of a week probably only one or two facts out of all the magazine contained will be in your mind. That is simply because each of these things has chased the other out of your mind, and probably you would remember more if you had only read one article than you do after reading the ten.

This is a perfectly familiar experience which we have all had, and I only bring it in to illustrate the general propositions I am seeking to bring before you. It is not the fault of the newspapers and magazines; they are admirably adapted for their purpose, and they contain a great deal of matter carefully selected and a great deal of excellent writing. If there be any fault, the fault is ours for the spirit in which we read; and that is the answer to Mr. Cobden's remark. It is quite true in a certain sense that there is a great deal more that belongs to the whole of the world in which we move to-day, and which therefore is of more importance to us, in a copy of the daily newspaper than in Thucydides; but the reason why it is more profitable to read Thucydides is because when you read him you think about what he says, and appropriate and remember it; whereas when you read the newspaper you think very little, and remember hardly anything at all.

The same thing is equally true of books. A book in itself is not in the least superior to a newspaper, and probably most books do not contain as much information as most newspapers; the only difference consists in the fact that if you read a book properly you sit down and try and understand it, and you do not do that with the

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newspapers; consequently there is a mental reaction produced by the reading of the book which is not produced by the reading of the newspaper, and that which you carry away you carry away as facts or ideas which have become part of yourself. You remember in one of Dickens's stories the uneducated man who had succeeded in amassing a fortune, and who wanted to be cultivated and become a man of education up to the level of his fortune. Mr. Boffin, I think, was his name, and he hired Silas Wegg to read Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to him. Mr. Boffin was not able to appropriate either the facts and ideas or to remember the sounding periods of the history, and he would really have been much better occupied in reading some simple ballads, or poetry, or stories which were on a level with his own comprehension.

And therefore we come to the conclusion that we are not to measure the result of our reading by its quantity, but we are to measure it only by how much we carry away.

Fiction.

You may ask: How is this to be applied to the case of fiction? The reading of fiction is a standing difficulty and puzzle of librarians. I notice the controversy is always breaking out afresh as to whether public libraries have largely failed because so large a percentage of the reading done in them is fiction; and the librarians themselves, who are generally a high-toned and perhaps slightly ascetically-minded class of men, are particularly proud the more they can reduce the percentage of fiction; and when the fiction goes below 80 per cent. they consider it a brilliant success. If we look at it, shall we not see that the same principles we have been considering will apply to fiction also? Fiction is not to be looked down upon. Why, a great deal of poetry, and of the best poetry, is fiction; and a great deal of fiction is as true as fact, and perhaps truer than some facts. The merit of the best fiction is that it is generalised fact put in a form that our imagination can apprehend. I think you may say, therefore, referring to our definition of reaction and appropriation, that wherever fiction gives an intellectual reaction—I say an intellectual reaction as opposed to other kinds of reaction—there it has been profitable reading.

Now, what does one mean by an intellectual reaction in the case of fiction? All

fiction, unless it is hopelessly dull, will give some kind of reaction; but it may give a merely emotional or imaginative reaction, and it may give an imaginative reaction in some of those humbler forms in which it is only the bare pleasure of following a narrative, a story, however pointless or insipid it may be. And where it is only the pleasure of being kept on the tenter-hooks of curiosity by some horror or some mystery, those are comparatively humble, and perhaps not very valuable, forms of imaginative reaction; but where the imaginative reaction becomes higher, where it calls out the highest emotions, where it calls them out in force, where it appeals to the intelligence as well as the imagination, where it makes you think, where it makes you ask yourself: Is this true to Nature, or not? and if it is not true to Nature, why is it not true? Is it within one's own experience? Was it within the experience of the time or the people who are being depicted?—wherever fiction does that, you have a genuine intellectual reaction, and you have something which does you good. Where a novelist is powerful enough to produce a type which lives and takes a place in your recollection in the same way as real and historical characters, it is triumphant evidence that there has been an effort of the imagination which does provoke the proper reaction and appropriation. And the same thing in some less degree applies to pictures of manners.

Some practical hints.

Let me wind up by a couple of practical hints which perhaps it may be worth while to give to those who are beginning to study the art of reading. The first is that there are some small devices that may be used for remembering what one reads not altogether to be despised. I think one of the greatest difficulties we all feel is to remember the good things we find in a book that we read rapidly, and know we shall not be able to read again. Some people keep a note-book in which they enter things that strike them. I have a wonderfully learned friend who makes little entries on small pieces of paper and puts them in boxes, and he has in that way an enormous store of ideas, facts, views, epigrammatic expressions upon which he can draw. Others are obliged to revert to somewhat more rough-and-ready methods. Some people will make notes in the margins of books. Others do not like defacing books.

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For them there may be recommended the plan of having three or four blank leaves at the end of the book, and of noting on those blank leaves the facts or the views which have struck them most in the books, with a reference to the page in the text. By some such plan you produce not only some mental reaction by endeavouring to formulate in your own words the fact or the idea that seems to be valuable; but you have put it in a convenient form, and if you remember that it was in that book you can easily turn it up by referring to the place where you made the note.

The second practical hint I wish to make is this: that on the whole it is more profitable for the reader who has not much time and who has not powerful faculties of mind, that he should confine himself to one particular line of reading, or at any rate to two or three lines of reading, rather than to range over the whole field. People will get more good from reading in subjects with which they become pretty conversant than they will by passing rapidly from one subject to another with no continuity between the two. And the reaction will be stronger where you are more on a level with the mind of the writer, where your mind is not altogether passive, but itself possesses so much knowledge that you are able to some extent to criticise and judge or disagree with the writer. In such cases the reaction is stronger, the benefit is greater, the appropriation is better also, and certainly the pleasure is keener. And for that reason, too, it is on the whole more advisable, generally speaking, that people should take up some special line of reading, be it history, for instance, be it biography, be it economics, be it metaphysics (if they have a mind strong enough for that difficult subject), be it science, be it natural history, and that they should rather confine themselves to that particular topic, with occasional excursions into others, than try to

read five or six subjects at once. I make an exception for poetry. Everybody ought to have a taste for poetry, and the habit of reading poetry ought to be as essential a part of everybody's reading as bread is of everybody's food.

Then let us remember that pleasure is a good test. If people read with pleasure they may feel they are on the right line. Of course I except cases of morbid taste, for a corrupted taste may find pleasure in what will repel the normal and healthy mind. But, speaking generally, the amount of pleasure which the reading gives is a pretty good test of what good you are getting. If the reading does not give pleasure there is something wrong: something wrong in the book—it may be dull; something wrong in yourself—you may be listless; or something wrong in the relation between yourself and the book, which means that the subject is not one for which you are suited. If you do receive pleasure, and pleasure where there is a certain amount of activity and energy involved, you may be pretty certain you are upon the right lines. The fortunate thing is that if you can form in young people this habit soon after they leave school, it is one that will probably remain through life and become stronger. It is certainly a misfortune for anyone who wishes a bright old age to grow old without forming a fondness for reading. That, and the enjoyment of nature, are things which remain when the power for pursuing athletic sports passes away. By continually learning one can prolong the growth and sustain the health of the mind, and even when the approach of age begins to touch the bodily faculties with decay, the intellect and the imagination which have always been nourished upon the best models, and in which there has always been the power of appreciating and feeling interest in that which is read, may retain to the end of life a fresh and perpetual youth.



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(Drawn by T. W. Coudery)



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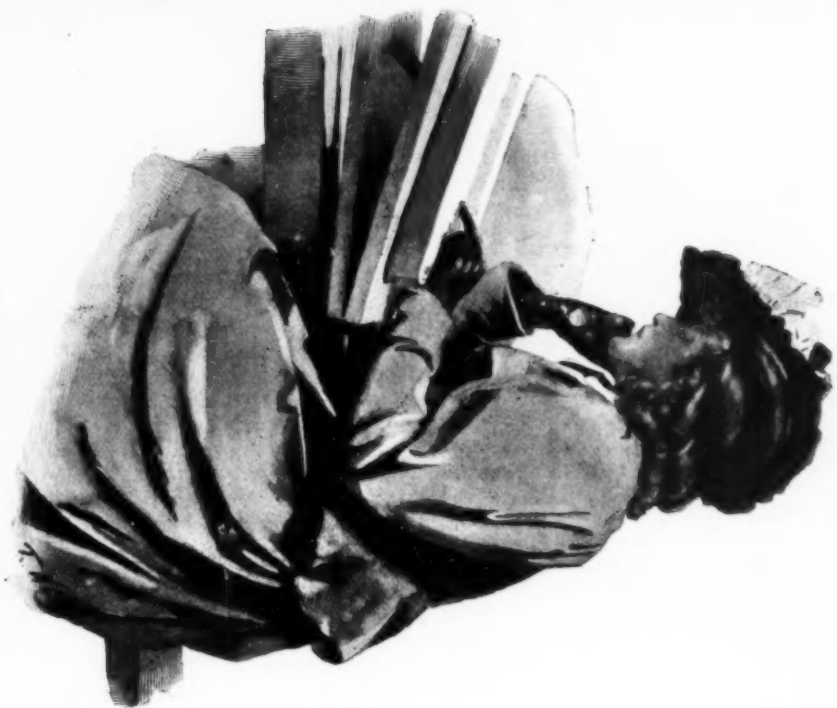


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READING FOR AN EXAM



BROTHER AND SISTER

A Singer of the South

BY E. RENTOUL ESLER, AUTHOR OF "THE WARDLAWS," "A MAID OF THE MANSE,"
"THE WAY THEY LOVED AT GRIMPAT," ETC.

CHAPTER I



ITA lifted her head and looked down the slope of the hill. She had pathetic eyes, and arched eyebrows, that gave her face an innocent, surprised look.

She was the only figure visible on the wide stretch of landscape that curved downwards to the sea, and the greenery behind her threw into strong relief her gown of butcher-blue, and her gaily striped apron. The white kerchief knotted round her neck left a section of her brown throat bare, and showed the

string of gilt glass beads, of which she was so proud. Another kerchief bound round her brows hid her pretty hair, and emphasised the seriousness of her expression.

It was April weather, and vegetation in the fertile land Ita dwelt in was well forward. The beans were all in blossom, the nespoli and figs were half ripe, and the orange-trees showed bouquets of golden balls and pearl-white blossoms.

As Nature was working so hard in Ita's farm of half an acre, there was little for her to do, save observe general progress and note that no devouring things had settled on her crops. If there was anything Ita hated it was those dishonest, spendthrift caterpillars that fattened on what they had not laboured to produce, and wasted more than they consumed.

Ita's home was round the curve of the hill in the village, among a hundred other houses, which looked upward towards the grey head of Monte Solaro, and down on the indigo-blue water of the bay.

Anacapri never sees the sunrise; Solaro towers between it and the east. But, oh! the sunsets—the sky more golden than any gold that ever came from the mint, and the empurpled sea submerged under the same auriferous flood. Ita dreamed dreams of Heaven when she saw the sun go down.

The island occupies but a few square miles in the universe, yet Ita knew only her own section of it, and would probably not explore its limits as long as she lived. Rustics grow timid, shy of the eyes of their neighbours, fearful of the gossip of the few that constitute their world. Ita's grandmother, now past her sixtieth year, had never been to the lower village that was less than a mile away as the crow flies, had never been to the edge of that lovely sea on which her eyes had looked daily since her birth. L'avola did not understand why people should desire to go beyond the spot on which they had been placed; God surely knew what was best when He selected their birthplace; if they were discontented or restless, and wandered away, in all probability they would invite His displeasure. L'avola knew of no good that had ever come to people who quitted their own district.

There was her Pietro, how happy he might have been with the land and the hundred interests it afforded! But he learned the trick of looking up from the soil to the clouds, and they made him restless, and the sea called to him. At last he begged for a year's leave of absence, just a year, and she let him go. Can mothers do otherwise when sons say the old home is too small?

He never came back—she had known he would never come back; her Pietro, with the dark eyes and crop of loose curls above his brow. He married, he did well for a year or two, so he wrote, and then the captain of the ship by which he had sailed sent her a warm bundle that stirred and cried. The bundle was Pietro's child, and he was dead. The wife said things were too hard for her with a child on her hands, and so she had sent it to its own people.

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For that heartless trick L'avola blessed her every day of her life; she took little Margherita into her arms and heart, and they were desolate no more.

teens, on the responsible side of life—the earning, the saving, the doing of their duty.

Margherita was as happy as a bird, a little voiceless brown bird, and as busy.



All the children of Capri are sedate, shocks from the outer world do not approach to disturb them; the peaceful sequence of the seasons fosters serenity. Toys are scanty, games few, they learn industry early, and enter, with their

"DON'T YOU THINK SO,
SIGNORINA?"

self tended since her husband died, and Pietro went away.

"She will marry about the time I am

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done with things," L'avola thought. Both events seemed remote.

Day had succeeded day, each one the counterpart of its predecessor, and Ita was sixteen. Then the change came, suddenly and simply, and the universe itself was altered. She had been hoeing among the young carrots when a youth looked over the stone wall that separated her kingdom from the footpath which intersected each loop of the highroad; looked, then paused to watch her. Perhaps he noticed the nervous movements of her little brown hands, and the shy colour that rose in her averted face, for when he spoke it was more as if he communed with himself than addressed her.

"It is a lovely place, a pearl set in the sea, a gem; one should not tire of it."

Ita stole a glance towards him. He was a Capriote evidently, one knew that by his voice, also by his brow and eyes; but he was a very beautiful Capriote. When Ita thought this she began to hoe very hard. Then the pleasant voice said, "You will dig those things out of the ground if you don't take care."

She paused; there was no coquetry in her, no repartee. "I can hoe," he went on after a brief silence.

"I suppose you can do everything," she answered, a little wistfully. Troubled visions of the pictures the artists, who came in winter, painted, drifted before her eyes. It was only in pictures she had seen a face like that before her.

"Not I, any more that you can; I am just of the island, like you—Carlo Paqueti of below there; everyone knows my people. But I have been a conscript; I am just back after my two years' service, and I am restless as a bird tied by the foot. The island is so small, there is so little to do; don't you think so, signorina?"

"I am always very happy," Ita answered, with a faint accent of trouble.

"Yes, a girl—that is different. Doubtless I shall settle down by-and-by, but for the present I feel the limitations."

It was nearing sundown, and when Ita quitted her work he walked round the curve of the hill by her side.

"May I come again?" he asked, as she paused at the door.

"Come in now, to see grandmother," she faltered.

But he excused himself. "Another day," he answered, smiling; and went down the sloping road, his figure casting a long shadow that reached to her feet.

When Ita went indoors she tried to tell coherently what had happened. A young man had spoken to her, had walked home beside her, and he was beautiful as the angels. Ita was too unsophisticated to keep anything back. "If he had melted into the clouds, *Avola mia*, I should not have been surprised—he looked as if he might have come out of them."

"Some tramp," L'avola rejoined disdainfully; "you should not speak to strangers, *carità mia*, it is unwise and unprofitable."

"But he is of the island, and he is coming again to see me, and to see you also," she added diplomatically.

"They say things like that, those people of down below," L'avola answered, with a little dubious sniff; "but they mean nothing; it is not to mind their promises. As like as not he will have forgotten you to-morrow."

But Carlo came again, and at sight of him L'avola's prejudices melted. He was of the type that women seldom fail to take into favour—a kindly young creature, expansive and free from self-consciousness as a bird, ready to speak friendly words, or render a service as soon as it occurred to him that such were desired and so handsome that it was a pleasure to look at him.

Of course he was idle; but what can one do at Capri, where half the people would suffice for the available work? Carlo was a fourth son; people seldom wanted to hire his services, and there were four men already to mind his father's bit of land, and go out with the fishing boat.

He helped his mother in the house, he tended the little patch of garden in which the figs grew, and he twanged on his mandoline in the evenings; but that is not enough to occupy a man who has passed his twentieth year, and has seen the world.

Once he had been satisfied because the sun shone, and there was always bread enough; but now he wanted more—other interests, a wider outlook, something to hope and work for.

He was glad of the outlet to Anacapri, and appreciative of the goodwill of Ita and her grandmother, on whom the narrative of his experiences in that great world of the mainland never palled.

When the evenings grew longer he would carry up his mandoline with him and sing to them, and there was not in all the island another voice like his.

No one had taught him music, he sang as the birds sing, and his notes were grave or glad according to his mood; but both

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women answered to the thrill of what he dimly felt, expressing in cadences what he could not have told in words. Often L'avola, looking at him wistfully, would say: "You have been greatly gifted."

Ita had been quite happy before he came, now she was a hundred times happier, but, withal, fitfully so miserable that she would make believe to have work on the "farm" that she might escape alone, and fling herself on the warm bosom of the fragrant earth, and weep great mysterious tears at the bidding of an emotion which she did not understand.

L'avola was troubled at first. Why had the girl, once so quiet and meek, those bursts of vivacity, and, again, of depression? Nothing new had come into her experience save Carlo.

The old woman thought things over. Her own youth was remote, and her marriage had been arranged for her, and had offered little scope for sensation. At Capri marriages were by arrangement usually. Had a man a little bit of ground, then he looked round for some one to help him till it; if she had a dowry that would furnish the house, and leave a nest-egg in the bank, so much the better for both; if she was devoid of these, but was frugal and industrious, her virtues were accepted as a provision. As to beauty and wit, they counted, but only as an item; other things bulked quite as largely in the sum of a girl's attractions.

Perhaps Ita was falling in love with Carlo. L'avola looked at the possibility, and shook her head. It was unseemly for a girl to feel that way first; frankly speaking, Carlo had made no advances beyond those of being kind, good to look at, and gay. If he sang to "*la bella Margherita*," even a child would have known that he addressed every Margherita in the world, and not the little brown bird near him. But there! it was vain to reflect. Did Ita want Carlo? If so, why should she not have him? She was an heiress. There was the bit of land and the house and something in the bank, and all would be hers when the grandmother was done with earthly things.

L'avola sat by the open door making cord of hemp. When finished it would be fabricated into the shoe soles at whose manufacture Ita was so expert. For a dozen pairs the shoemaker gave three lire. It was very little, when you counted time and material, but it was better than nothing—that was how the Capriotes reckoned their meagre profits—better than nothing, therefore, however small, worth taking.

The front door looked on the street, but the back window faced the farm road, and the end window looked on the path from the village below. When the grandmother sat by the door she could see the village road, when she turned her head she could look towards the farm.

As she worked she was debating within herself. Carlo's family were respectable; everybody in Capri knew everybody else; the mention of a name sufficed to recall a history for several generations; it was certain there was nothing against any of his people. Then he was amiable and lovable, doubtless he would be industrious if he had an object in working, and a place of his own to work on. He was a pleasure in the house, that was true enough, and doubtless his people could spare him. Of course he had nothing, and would come with just the clothes he wore. "But we are rich," L'avola said, with a sigh from lips that smiled a little.

She twisted the cord she had made into a little hank and rose. "When he comes next time I will find out from him—discreetly—if he has ever thought of marriage. Ita is sixteen, and it is, perhaps, time."

CHAPTER II

ITA was looking down the hill. She looked down the hill often now, and away from the sunsets that once had been such a joy to her.

This time something rewarded her—a dark head showed first, then the neck and chest emerged, then Carlo leaped over the low wall, his tread scarcely crushing the wild thyme.

"Such news!" he cried, as he caught sight of her, and snatched his cap from his head and flung it into the air. His whole being radiated gladness, he was like a lantern lighted with joy.

Ita laughed too; pleasure is infectious. "What is it?" she asked.

He made a mock bow, flourishing his cap. His gestures were as free and graceful as those of some wild creature of the forest.

"I am not Carlo any more, but Signore Carlone, at your service. I am a musician; I belong to the band that plays nightly at the Hiddegeigei. This night I make my *début*; I am engaged to join the band, and shall share the profits equally—equally, remember—with the best. La, tra la, tra

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la la la." He tossed his cap again into the air, and caught it as it descended.

"I am to wear a jacket of yellow velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and black breeches and white stockings, and a striped sash, and a silk shirt—silk, little one; they will be lent to me till I have saved enough to pay for them. The money, it may come to three lire a night, eighteen lire a week; and all after hours, so that it will hinder nothing. Oh, say you are glad; I want the whole world to rejoice with me." He caught her by the waist, but just as he would have caught a clothes-prop had it been near him, because he wanted to caress something.

She pushed him away, and her face grew pale. "Of course I am glad," she said; "come and tell L'avola, she will be glad too."

Subsequently Carlo came much seldomer to Anacapri. When he did come it was to talk of his success. What so natural or so interesting? He was popular, he was encored every time he sang, sometimes encored twice and thrice, and he carried round the tambourine always for gratuities among the guests, the others of the troupe having found out that ladies gave most liberally to him. It was told so simply that it disarmed reproof, but in its very simplicity lay the sting for Ita. Of course ladies gave liberally to him; would she not have given him gold herself had she been one of those wealthy women who could afford to live in hotels, and idle their evenings away in music-rooms?

That night Ita's sore heart prompted her to a desperate deed. She put the clock forward an hour and a-half, and hurried the grandmother early to bed, the old lady protesting that never had she felt so little drowsy at so late an hour. Taking off her white bodice and gay kerchief, and wrapping her head and throat in L'avola's grey shawl, she slipped out of the house and down the hill towards the lower village, while the moon peeped at her questioningly from behind a phalanx of hurrying clouds.

Ita had never been to Capri before in all her sixteen years; the upper village looked down on it in every sense, despised its amusements, and loftily pitied its disabilities in the matter of taxation and civic burdens. To enter this very decorous centre at night seemed to the hill people a deed of desperate daring.

The Hiddegeigai sent its lights into the square, its music caught Ita's ear when she was a hundred yards away.

The night was warm, and all the doors stood open; the windows, darkened from the inside with books and such mementoes as travellers purchase, looked on the performers. Groups of villagers stood round both doors and windows. Ita took her place on the outside of the circle.

It was only her inexperience that made the scene within seem one of enchantment. In reality the café was a very ordinary place of its class. Men and women, mostly Germans, sat round the marble-topped tables, the former smoking, the latter drinking coffee or the beverage of the Fatherland, a few in semi-evening dress, the greater part in morning gowns of no particular style or fashion. But the place was brilliantly lighted, waitresses and waiters moved about in attendance on the company, which, to peasant Ita, seemed of the most courtly description.

At the far end of the room stood the musicians, and, through a little haze of tobacco-smoke, they seemed more wonderful, more glorious.

A pretty woman was singing; Carlo stood near her, listening, his hand holding his instrument, and the gay dress he wore emphasising his colour, the light in his eyes, and his young shapeliness.

"How beautiful he is!" a girl near Ita whispered.

Then Carlo's turn came; he struck his mandoline and began to sing. It was only a song to the glory of Naples; but it was so gay, so glad, so full of a careless joy in life, that the company rose to enthusiasm, and Ita could no longer see, by reason of the proud tears in her eyes.

At this juncture one of Carlo's neighbours twitched his sleeve, and thrust the tambourine that acted as collection-plate into his hand. "It is a good moment," this experienced one said, and Carlo stepped down off the little platform.

Ita waited just an instant to hear the pattering noise of small coins that rewarded his skill, then she turned, and, with a sob on her lips, fled away into the darkness.

If she had dreamed dreams, they ended that night.

From one so admired, so successful, so accomplished, her way of life lay far apart. One does not mate an eagle with a wren, or unite a lion with a little mouse. If there ever had been a chance that he might think of her, it was gone, quite gone.

She took her rosary for consolation, and,

A Singer of the South

sitting out on the hill-side, told its beads many times daily.

L'avola saw and understood, but said nothing. Once or twice she extended her wrinkled brown hand, and caught Ita's hand, but the girl always gently drew hers away. Even tacitly she could not accept condolence.

Six months later Carlo came again, to tell once more that his fortune was made. A man from Naples, an impresario, had been to hear him sing, and had engaged him to go there. He was to receive a hundred lire a week, paid regularly, a certain thing—it was a fortune, a hundred fortunes.

"Then we shall never see you again," Ita said, in a voice that she kept without a tremor.

"Oh, yes, I will come back. I will save, will grow rich; one day I will settle here and buy a villa."

"When will that be?" L'avola asked.

"I have calculated. If I am careful I may retire at fifty; if I am lucky I may be rich soon."

"Fifty!" Ita echoed, looking down that long vista of grey years.

"Oh, but I will return often in the interval to see friends, and to stop at the big hotel and hear other fellows sing. And I will wear a ring, like the impresario, and an English hat." He laughed gaily; he was a child at heart.

"You will make so many friends where you go that you will forget Capri," L'avola said wistfully. "Or perhaps you will have misfortune. I fear that evil city."

He threw out two fingers with a light gesture. "Beware the evil omen!" he said.

"I hate Naples," L'avola pursued in a low voice; "it killed my Pietro."

He laughed gaily. "It won't kill me, never fear. I can take care of myself."

"Ah, the young all think that; but I am always afraid for those who go away. To marry here and settle down, and live as your forefathers lived, it would be a happier thing."

"My forefathers had not nightingales in their throats; that makes the difference. Why, the impresario said that, with training, I may one day sing in opera; and then! oh——!" Words failed him.

L'avola shook her head, whereat Ita plucked her sleeve. "Don't depress him," she whispered, with pale, firm lips.

When he was gone Ita did not weep—that was past; she stood looking after him

till he had disappeared from her view, then she went indoors and trimmed the lamp and set it on the table with a steady hand.

Through the winter it was obvious that L'avola was breaking down. She left most of her industries to Ita, and sat by the fire, feeling the winds chill, and thinking, thinking.

Ita had two suitors that year, men who were well-to-do, from the island point of view. But she answered them both alike: "I will not marry while grandmother lives."

"That may be very long," one grumbled.

"I pray God it may be very long," she replied.

Her grandmother reasoned with her. "I would like to see you settled, darling, before I go, and Guiseppa, who asked you, is worthy."

"I will never marry."

"One believes that; but the years are very long when a woman has to meet them alone."

"If I find them so, there is always ——"

"Always what, my precious?"

"Always the convent."

"Ah, yes; but it is very sweet to have children about one's knees."

Ita rose with an abrupt movement. "Never," she said, "never, never, never."

A newspaper had come twice from Carlo with marked paragraphs that treated of his triumphs—poor little paragraphs about a minor music-hall; but they thought it fame. Then for a long time there was silence, and when L'avola died, and Ita was left alone, that silence seemed to fall on her like drops of cold lead.

She was twenty-two now, and in the eyes of the islanders quite a mature woman. Why should she not take advantage of her age and go down to Capri and inquire about Carlo?

It required nerve for this, but life had taught Ita self-reliance. She locked her house door, after donning her sober best gown, and went down to the lower village, wandering among the streets, staring at the fancy shops, kneeling at the little shrine to pray. Then she took her courage in her hands and stopped at his mother's door. "I used to know your son, the musician," she said, "and, passing this way, I called to ask if he is well." Her cheeks were pale, but her eyes were bright and brave.

Mother Paqueti was washing. She wiped her hands on her apron and came towards the door.

A Singer of the South

"We have not heard of him for long and long," she said; "he had an accident, you know: he lost his voice."

"I did not know," Ita answered, and her tone was thin and high.

"Oh, yes! some brawl. Neapolitans are so ready with the knife; he was stabbed in

"I—what could I have done there? Naples! Why, it is a world away!"

"And did you not ask him to come home?"

"Yes; but he would not come. He had to earn his living, and it was easier there. But it is long since he wrote, and now—

well, one can always hope. It has been a sad trouble—a sad trouble; the youngest boy, and my favourite! Ah, we mothers suffer much, for which only the good God pities us!"

Ita went back, her heart like a heavy cold stone in her breast. The nightingales that he said he had in his throat, they were killed; and Ita thought the music of his life was gone with them.

Once at home she counted her savings, they amounted to several pounds; then she made a bundle of a change of linen.

Next morning, in her peasant's shoes, with a thick roll of small Italian notes and a little gold in the bosom of her peasant's dress, she was tramping down the hill-side to catch the mail boat before dawn. She saw the sun rise that day for once, she was in the lower village before the grey east had turned pink.

They cheated her and hustled her on

the pavement at Naples when she landed, and laughed at her rustic accent and her sober long skirt; but her earnestness rendered her oblivious of insult. She had come to find Signore Carlose, who used to sing in the theatre; she was his friend. She had learned that he had lost his voice, and she



"DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

the throat, and they said he would never sing again. His face was wounded too, that face I was so proud of." She took a corner of her damp apron and wiped her eyes.

"And did you not go to see after him?" Ita asked.

A Singer of the South

wanted to see him again—that was the tale she told everyone.

But Carlo was forgotten; he had not sung for four years.

She stuck to her object for several days, inquiring at random, not knowing where to apply, directing herself at last to a vendor of shells who kept a stall on the pier.

He was an ill-looking fellow, withered and brown, with a scar across his face that had destroyed the sight of one eye, and ruined the outline of his nose.

"Signor Carlose," he answered in a husky whisper. "Yes, I used to know him. He got his throat cut, and that put him from chirping—not that he deserved it, you know, but a man blamed him in the wrong. Poor wretch, he had ill luck."

"I was his friend, and I should like to see him again. Is he alive?"

"Yes, he's alive right enough."

"Is he married?"

"Married! No; who would marry a monster like that?"

Ita gave a little cry. "You have no right to speak so," she said; "he was the goodliest, the kindest—" she stopped because the tears in her voice choked her.

Then the man said, still in a whisper, but with a change of intonation, "Don't you know me, Ita?"

"You!" she said with a sob, "you!" She looked at his marred face, and the tears were running like rain over her cheeks. Then she extended both her

hands. "You are the same, quite the same; not changed at all," she said; but it was her own heart she was addressing.

They were married before they left the city that had ruined him; then they returned to the island. They walked up the road separately to escape notice. Carlo went through his native village alone, and nobody recognised him; he paused for an instant at his father's door, and a little child playing there ran away with a scream of terror.

Ita told the priest of the change in her condition, and that her husband had been an early friend; but she did not mention his name, and the padre did not inquire concerning it.

It was not till several months had eased the pain at his sore heart that Carlo went with Ita to see his mother.

His face had lost its haggard look, the premature lines had melted away. He bore a cruel scar, and the voice they had all loved was a mere memory; but he was still Carlo, and the change in him seemed less the longer they looked at him.

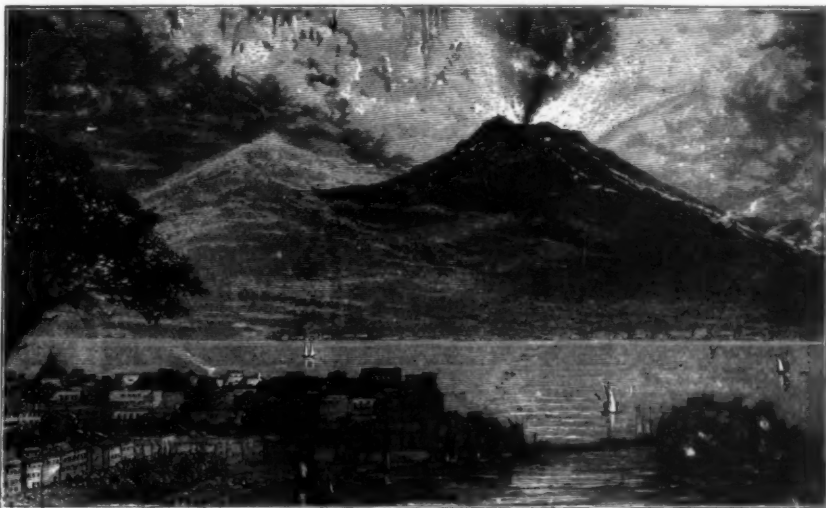
"You should not have gone away," the mother said; "that wicked city—it kills those we send it."

"But I found a great treasure there—this," and he drew Ita forward.

"That was a home treasure."

"Yes; but it was there I learned its value."

Strangers think Carlo ugly, but Ita always sees him as he sang at the *Hiddegeigei*.



BAY OF NAPLES

Woolwich Arsenal



RETURNING TO WORK AT THE ARSENAL AFTER DINNER

ON the site of the well-known City Road Wesleyan Chapel, there or thereabouts, on what used to be Windmill Hill, there stood the Moorfields Foundry owned by Bagley & Son, who for twelve years cast cannon for the Board of Ordnance. On May 10, 1716, this enterprising firm were about to make two 24-pounders by melting down brass guns taken by Marlborough in the French wars. A crowd of notabilities had assembled to see the metal run, but the mixture took a longer time preparing than was expected, and most of the sightseers—fortunately—cleared off.

About eleven at night the metal was let go, but it had no sooner sunk to the bottom of the first mould than it came pouring up again "blowing like a little Vesuvius." It blew up Bagley, and Son,

and the Clerk of the Ordnance, and fourteen others, and wounded several more, including General Borgard, of the Artillery, who was there on duty; and altogether it was a terrible affair which had important results. The place was a wreck, the proprietors were gone, and the outcome of it was that the Government, on June 19, decided to add a foundry of their own to their establishment at Woolwich, and gave orders that it should be begun at once, "no time to be lost herein, inasmuch as there are but two 12-pounders and not one 18- or 24-pounder for land service"—such being our preparedness in the early days of George I.

Thus far fact; and now for the legend, which may or may not have some truthful details. At this casting, the story goes, there was present among the onlookers one

Woolwich Arsenal

Andrew Schaleh, a Swiss journeyman founder, come to this country from the arsenal of Douay to improve himself in his trade. Looking into the moulds he saw that they were damp, and, addressing himself to Colonel Armstrong, warned him of the danger of an explosion, whereupon he and the Colonel and a few others they could persuade retired to a distance and escaped unhurt. A few days afterwards there appeared an advertisement in the newspapers announcing that if the young foreigner—he was then twenty-four—who had spoken to the Colonel would call at a certain address the interview might be to his advantage; and Schaleh, calling accordingly, was engaged to seek a better locality for a foundry, and eventually chose Woolwich Warren as being dry, near the river, and having loam for moulds close handy. And thus he became the founder of Woolwich Arsenal.

No advertisement to this effect has been discovered, but instead of it there is an advertisement on July 10 asking founders desirous of casting brass ordnance at the foundry then building at Woolwich to make immediate application; and an order exists, given in August, that Schaleh should be appointed to build the furnaces and supply the utensils if his references were satisfactory, which order is followed by one on September 10 confirming his appointment as Master Founder at a salary of £5 a day—

a position he held until 1776, when he died at Charlton, and was buried in Woolwich churchyard, aged eighty-four years.

During his honourable career of sixty years he must have made a good many marks in both hemispheres. All honour to his memory, of which Woolwich is not yet regardless. His reputation as the founder of the arsenal was probably due to a pun which the legend was made to fit, for the history of the Warren, which was first named the Royal Arsenal by George III in 1805, goes much farther back than 1716. In the Repository there is a map of it dated 1701 by the very General Borgard who was wounded at the Moorfields explosion. A hundred years earlier there was a store of guns at Woolwich, and, in short, the arsenal seems to be as old as the dockyard, which dates from the days of Henry VII.

In Borgard's plan are shown the carriage yard built in 1682, the shot yard dating from 1685, and the laboratory for which the ground was ordered to be prepared on December 3, 1695; all the present departments, in fact, but the gun foundry, which was undoubtedly built by Schaleh. Conspicuous on the plan, running along the carriage yard, is Prince Rupert's Walk, now represented by a few old trees; and the present pattern room is said to have been the prince's palace, though he could not have lived in the existing structure, which



A REST BY THE WAY

Woolwich Arsenal

was rebuilt by Vanbrugh in 1719, and was put to its present purposes after being for sixty years the School for Cadets that in 1801 moved into its new buildings on the Common as the Royal Military Academy.

It is to this pattern room that visitors to the arsenal should first be taken, for here they see the productions of the laboratory department in their varieties and different stages, so that in the workshops, where noise makes conversation so difficult, they could recognise the different operations and better understand what they are looking at. They have certainly enough to see. Entering the laboratory, which is still at work "making fireworks for real use," as it is officially described as doing in 1746, their attention is first directed to the bullet, perhaps as being the most striking thing they are likely to become acquainted with. You do not cast bullets in moulds. You run the gleaming molten lead into a receiver a foot across and several feet high, and while it is warm, bring down upon it by hydraulic power a heavy stopper with a small hole in it of the bullet's diameter, through which, so great is the pressure, the lead oozes forth in a steady squirt, forming a solid wire which you take away in coils and feed into machines that cut it up into short lengths and stamp these into bullets—so many yards of lead rod going in at one side, so many thousand bullets dropping out below at the rate of a hundred or more a minute.

For the bullet's nickel sheath you run a thick ingot through a rolling mill from roll to roll until it is as thin as paper, and from these long narrow sheets you stamp out blanks as big as a sixpence, that after a long series of punches and squeezes assume the needful conical shape. For the cartridge case you take the pig of brass as it comes from the mould, trim its ends with mechanical shears, and run it, like the nickel, through roll after roll until it is as thin as you want it; and then from the sheet stamp out the disks that, like the nickel, pass on from machine to machine, and get a deeper dishing at each turn. And as it is with the brass, so it is with the copper.

Down row after row of machines you go, that as they run seem to hang from the hundreds of driving bands that lead up at every angle to the mile of revolving shafts overhead. Rapidly as the whole thing is done, the watching is constant and the

rejections many, for the slightest fault may mean the wrong man's life. Pretty is the feeding of some of these compact machines; a small round table revolves horizontally half in and half out of the apparatus, carrying a ring of holes; into the holes as they come out empty from the right hand the boy slips his little dishes, which pass in at the left hand to be deepened another trifle by the squeeze between the dies—for thus, a trifle at a time, the work proceeds. When it comes to the big brass cases for quick-firing guns, the metal has to be annealed after every draw or it would crack. As you watch one of these things on the machine you can see it stretch as if it were a stocking being stroked up over a foot, and you realise at last how it has come about that a thick dull disk has by easy stages been shaped into a deep bright canister.

To see the larger projectiles made, you must wait till you reach the shell foundry, with which you nearly end your round. For this arsenal, in which 15,000 men and boys are employed, is a square mile in area, and contains three different factories—for ammunition, guns, and carriages—besides the Ordnance Department, each occupying many detached buildings, scattered about amongst one another in such a way that you have to take things as they come and sort them out into order afterwards. This foundry, then—we may as well have it here—is entered through a remarkably fine pair of cast-iron gates, and is one of the great sights of the arsenal.

As we enter the gates, a Bessemer converter right in front is on the blow with its sheaf of flame and leaping star showers. At the side, away from its pit, are perhaps a dozen shell moulds, like big churns, from the sides and tops of which gas flames are spurting, showing that molten metal has just been poured into them. Behind them a bright white light glides into view, recognisable as a cauldron of molten steel dragged along on its carrier from one of the furnaces, which, as it diffuses its heat around, is hitched on to a crane, lifted, tilted, and in a steady stream pours forth its fluid contents into a mould that at once lights up as though it would burn away. Another carrier comes from another furnace; mould after mould is filled; the converter still roars on; and its thick white beam, and the blue gas flames, and the sunshine light up the spacious hall, and show it in its farthest corners as the busy

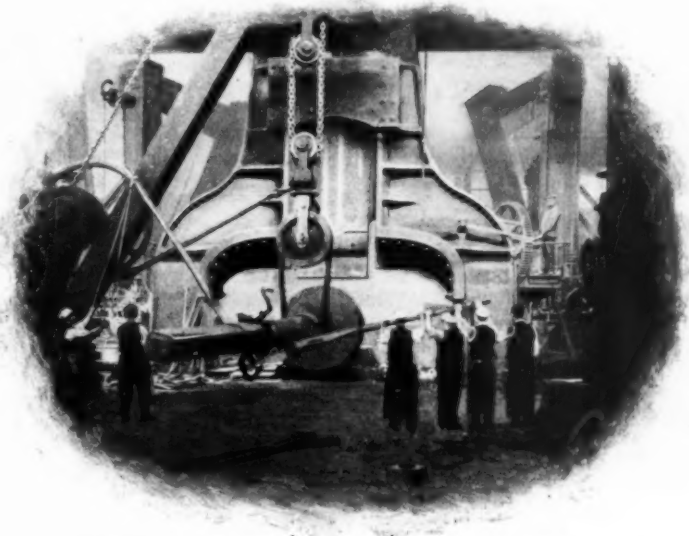
Woolwich Arsenal

hive of industry it is. Foundries are not clean places as a rule; there is always dust on the ground and dust in the air, more or less; but there is very little of it here, even when the week's work is nearing its end, for of necessity it runs night and day from Monday morning to Saturday noon.

The moulds are made from a pattern in the usual way, but at the bottom of each is a metal shoe to chill the tip of the projectile and thus make it harder by allowing it to cool more rapidly than the body of the casting. As the shells come out of the moulds they are a rough-looking lot standing in rank and file, darkening slowly, with a

rarely used but in practice; the shell, which an internal charge splits up into innumerable pieces; and the shrapnel, which is a hollow case filled with bullets in rosin, looking like a jar of brandy-balls in a sweet-stuff window, and described by enthusiastic artillerists as bringing the muzzle of the gun within pistol shot of the enemy.

The Shot Ground must not detain us. It is a wide expanse by the river front covered with the big material of war, varied with a few trophies and curiosities. Among the latter the most conspicuous is Big Will, or Mallet's mortar, the survivor of the two made in 1857 which used the 3 ft. shells



THE FORTY-TON HAMMER: MAXIMUM STRIKING POWER, 1,000 TONS

gleam of red still hanging about the latest arrivals, and giving out heat enough to keep you two or three yards off and make the air quiver around them.

In their next stage these rough castings have a rough time of it among a squad of enormous grindstones that very soon reduce their asperities and eliminate the undesirable. Of these things you get a glimpse through an open door, and the next time you see the things that the newest gun can send through the air for fifteen miles they have passed through the turnery and are all shaven and trim and being painted with that respectable coat of black in which they make their appearance on the Shot Ground. They are of three kinds—the solid shot,

now dotted about the roads of the arsenal, some of which when fired went thirty-five feet down into the earth, where they still remain owing to the expense of digging them out being more than they are worth. The Shot Ground is a part of the Ordnance Store Depot, to which belong the buildings that overlook it. As a sample of what they contain, the public are shown the floor devoted to the harness for ten thousand horses, riding and draught, with bits and curbs and stirrups and bridles and traces and collars and saddles and numnahs packed so closely that not an inch of space is wasted, most of the things being hung from the roof. It is a fine sight, but a finer is the harness in the making.

Woolwich Arsenal

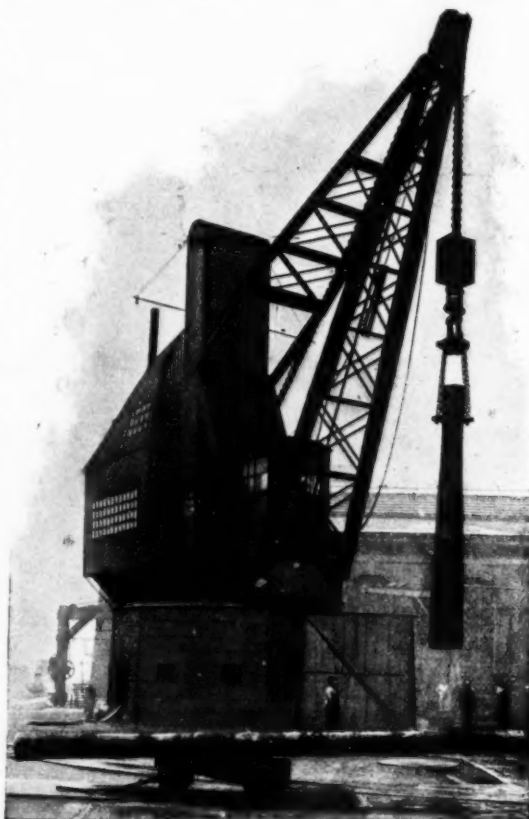
But the great attraction at Woolwich is the gun factories, and in them two tools in particular, the steam hammer and the crane. The hammer is a big one, standing 45 feet high and with 550 tons in its superstructure without counting its 40-ton head. Nominally it is a 40-ton hammer; really, on account of its being driven down by steam as well as lifted up, it strikes a blow of a thousand tons.

Few people would imagine that it goes almost as far below the ground as it stands above it, and that although the floor jolts at every blow there are 650 tons of iron in the bed on which the anvil rests, to say nothing of the timber and concrete. The bed is a mass of material increasing in area layer below layer until at its lowest stratum it covers 120 square feet. Immediately under the anvil is a circular block of iron weighing 60 tons, which is held by massive cheeks on to a block of 103 tons, bedded in its turn on a slab of 96 tons, which rests on a larger slab of 120 tons laid on huge wooden baulks placed lengthways. These baulks rest on another layer of wooden sleepers placed crossways, which rests on a third layer placed lengthways again over an iron bed weighing 148 tons; then comes another layer of timber with another crossways beneath it, and below these a large iron slab of 115 tons resting on the top of 150 piles, each a foot square and 20 feet long, driven down vertically, their tops being some fifteen feet below the level of the floor. Add the odd tons for fixings and throw in the concrete all about, and you have the substructure that supports the hundred-ton anvil, which looks as though it stood merely on the ground.

The hammer is a Titan standing waist-deep in the earth. His accessories are gigantic. The chains that sling his victims to him are as anchor cables; his cranes, four of them, lift 300 tons between them; his tongs alone weigh 30 tons. When he sets to work he makes the fireworks fly. "Cran-n-nch! but the sound of the impact is untranslatable in any alphabet! It seems something between a smash of wood, a splash of liquid, and a shattering of metal, as the hammer-head

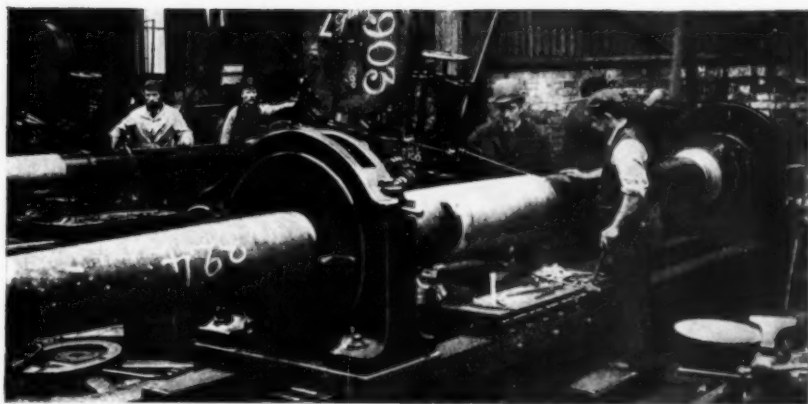
squashes down on the glowing iron, driving squirts of it in red rain all over the building." So says one of his admirers, whose description we quote, as the Titan was resting when we gave him a call.

Of big hammers at work we have seen many, but never did we see such a crane as that to which we were next introduced. It stands in a circular shed, in the centre of which is a tower that stretches out straight an arm that almost touches the wall, and is supported at its outer end by a massive



A CRANE AND ITS BURDEN

upright carried on a truck, that runs on a circular railway. Thus the arm can sweep right round the circle, and, as the pulleys can be moved all along the arm, every spot within the area can be covered, except the space occupied by the central tower. It moves about, always at the end of its tether like a Jersey cow, picking up things here and placing them there with as little noise



WIRING A GUN-BARREL

and fuss as if they were made of chocolate; and it would not be easy to incommode it with one thing at a time, for it has been tried up to 260 tons, though it modestly calls itself a 200-tonner.

It is in this shed that the guns are tempered after the rough boring. As with the hammer, there is much beneath the ground that would be unsuspected at first glance. In the floor are furnace pits and oil wells a hundred feet deep, and when this mighty crane is at its special work, you will see its chains dip down into a tubular furnace, and drag up by the muzzle a glowing red gun, 30 or 40 feet long, and travel with it a bit, and then lower it gently into the deep bath of oil, which flames yellowly and spurtles and seethes and stinks, as might be expected at the reception of such a hot and long intruder. When the gun is cooled, up it comes again, brown and greasy, dangling from the crane, to be laid on a truck and carried off for its next boring, among a series of workshops in which guns, large and small, are being worked on at every stage—and the stages are many and the progress slow. For instance, the fine boring which follows the tempering will, with one of the larger guns, take, perhaps, three months, for the cutters are a fortnight passing along the tube, and they have to make the journey several times, paring off a thinner shaving on each occasion.

In their early stages these guns are unexpectedly long and slender things, owing to their being without the coils and jackets that build them up to such bulkiness. They look their longest during their wiring, that modern process which enabled us to

reduce the bulk of the gun so much that the podgy Woolwich infants have developed into graceful boys. There is something startling in finding a gun being treated like a bat-handle, the only difference being that instead of waxed thread you wind on a thin flat strip of steel having a breaking strain of 100 tons to the square inch, and wind this on in several layers instead of one. The gun revolves in a lathe as the cricket-bat does, but much more slowly, and in place of the wooden spool of thread there stands, at right-angles to it, a huge iron reel, from which the riband or wire, as it is called, which is about a quarter of an inch wide, is wound on spirally at high tension, the spirals being knocked up tight to each other with a punch whenever they fail to wind on closely together. The gun is thus wrapped with literally miles and miles of wire, mostly in the region of the powder chamber.

Over the wire jacket come the hoops of cast steel cut out of the ingots as disks, and forged into rings just a trifle smaller than the finger they are to fit; and when these are finished, they are one by one, for there are many of them, heated just enough to expand them, and slipped over the gun to shrink and grip it as they cool, the gun being upright at the time, with a stream of water flowing through its bore to keep its temperature down. In this way the wiring is all hidden, and the gun looks as though it were built up entirely of these massive hoops, as it used to be. The lathe work and other operations necessitated by all this may be imagined, and we cease to wonder why it takes longer to make a heavy gun than it does to build the ship that carries it.

Woolwich Arsenal

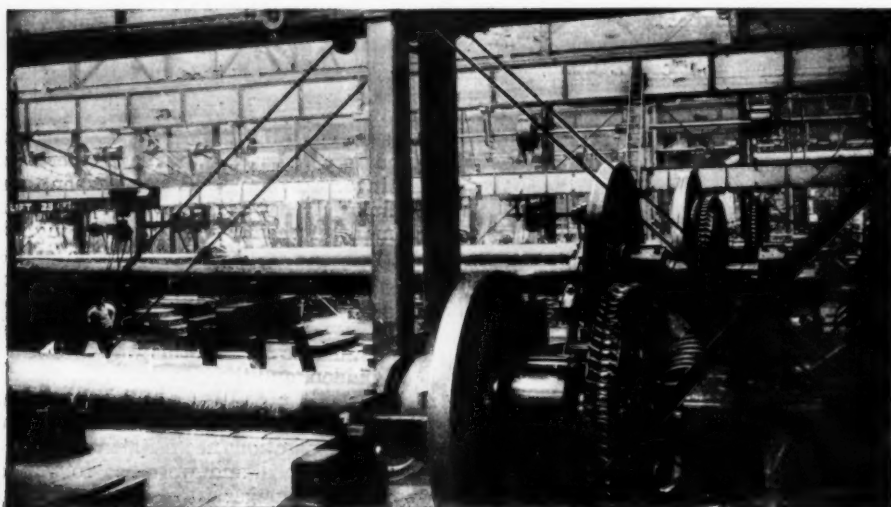
But we have not rifled our gun yet, nor said anything at all about the breech with its beautiful interrupted screw, nor many other things we shall evidently have to pass by. The rifling alone takes a month, and a most interesting piece of work it is, done by a drum the size of the bore, with a tooth-like cutter in it that cuts only as it comes backwards, and has to cut into each groove again and again until it makes it deep enough. The barrel of a gun when rifled is as good a specimen of mechanical workmanship as you could wish. Consider that there are eighty grooves in it, and that the cutter has had to make over 900 outward journeys, paring off a continuous shaving every time, and that any one journey gone wrong would render all the rifling worthless.

And now let us leave the guns for the complicated carriages in which they do their duty, and which we find being made in the oldest manufacturing branch in the arsenal. Of the forges and steam hammers, and shearers and punchers, and riband saws that cut through metal as if it were fretwood, and the other powerful and ingenious machine tools for steel things, we will say nothing; let us, by way of a change, take a glance at the wood-working shops, in which the machinery is no less interesting.

Here is a shop in which rough wood comes in at one end and finished wheels go out at the other. The spokes, and a good

many other things, are made on the same principle as rifle-stocks and boot-lasts. A model of cast iron, the same in every respects as the wooden copy it is desired to make, is placed on one side of a lathe, and a block of wood on the other, with the movable rest that holds the cutting tool so arranged that it butts up against the model as it turns, and, thus getting its forward thrust with certain limitations that save it from causing damage to begin with, it cuts the wood to a similar shape.

The felloes are turned in a lathe, planed by machine, bored by machine, and moulded by machine; the naves are mostly of metal. Having got the parts of the wheel, you lay them in their places on a circular table, the nave in the centre, the felloes each a few inches apart on the outside, with the spokes opposite to the holes they are to enter. On the outside of each felloe is a curved block of steel which is the ram of an hydraulic press, and as there are six felloes, there are six of these, which can all be operated at once. When the signal is given, the rams move and push the felloes inwards till they meet and, creaking and groaning, drive their tongues into each other and press on to the spokes, which at the same time are driven into the nave. One minute there is a collection of separate felloes and spokes, the next these are a complete wheel that is picked up and trundled along the shop to the shoeing pit, which is also a circular table, in which the tire is placed when it is



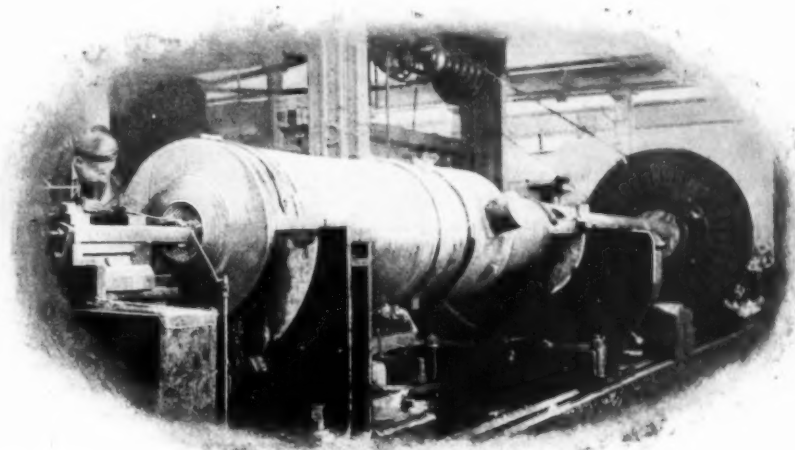
THE SOUTH BORING MILLS

Woolwich Arsenal

hot, and, sinking into a cold bath, is shrunk on as it cools in what might be called the usual way plus a little assistance. It was this shrinking of the tire on the wheel that gave the hint for shrinking the jackets on a gun.

A noteworthy tool hereabouts is a riband saw on an oscillating table, which seems to cut through any thickness of wood as if it were potatoes, and produce any pattern you please. It was working round a log about fifteen inches through when we saw it, and

This digression among the carpenters has brought us to the road leading from the Plumstead gate to the river, east of which are the cartridge factories and shell-filling sheds and other uninsurable outposts, and beyond them again on the other side of the arsenal canal are still more dangerous departments, as shown by the isolated buildings that as few people as possible are encouraged to visit. Woolwich makes no cordite or powder—all that in a large way comes from the factory at Waltham—and it makes no



BREECH TURNING, SHOWING THE INTERRUPTED SCREW

is generally used for cutting bars for saddle-trees which are curved to fit the horse's back, though some of these were being made by the copying machine in the same way as the wheel spokes. Of that other saw—the circular one, which Wilkie Collins described as rising from its sleep below and appearing like the rising moon through the groove, and flying at the log placed in its way with a screech-like cry of rage, to sink to its lair when its work was done—most people have heard, though circular saws are not thought so much of now as they were forty years ago.

small arms, that branch of the business being assigned to Enfield and Sparkbrook. These three establishments, with the three within the arsenal, make up the six Government Ordnance Factories that seem to cost so little in the national accounts. And that for a sufficient reason. Every article these factories make is charged out to the department requiring it at a price just covering the cost; thus they are assumed to make neither profit nor loss, and the six of them only appear in the Parliamentary estimates for the £100 vote which brings their expenditure under the notice of the Auditor-General.

W. J. GORDON

Betting

Opinions of Representative Men

We are glad to put before our readers the following testimonies from representative men on the subject of betting.

It appears to us that there is an inherent evil in betting itself, apart from its consequences. This is the desire to make money without work, and the desire to make money at the expense of others.

It is sometimes argued that, if a man wins money in a bet, in a lottery, or a "sweep," he does so with the consent of others. This is apparently, but not really, true. No man who loses his money in a bet or lottery is really a consenting party to its loss. He does not want to lose. He wants to win if he can. But suppose it were true that your neighbour is a consenting party to your winning his money in a lottery, does this give you a right to get his money without giving him an adequate return for it? The law of morals, even the law of the land, does not recognise that your neighbour's consent gives you a right to do him a wrong. The very same argument might be brought forward in defence of duelling.

Betting is really robbery. It is an offence against the social contract, against the Christian doctrine of brotherhood, and all economical and collective ideas. Mr. Herbert Spencer says of gambling: "This kind of action is essentially anti-social—sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct." The small beginnings are a snare. In thousands of cases, as all the world knows, the gains on one side mean hurtful and entangling loss on the other; and in hundreds more the winner is enriched by the ruin of his neighbour.

As to its degrading results, the statements of our contributors afford ample testimony. The late Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-General, said that most of the young men in the Post-office who went to the bad, did so through betting.

How shall the evil be diminished? One quite essential method, as several of our most experienced contributors suggest, would be to make publication of betting odds in the newspapers illegal. Respectable journals ought to dissociate themselves from what Mr. Thomas Hughes (author of *Tom Brown's School Days*) called "the unblushing meanness, the rascality holding its head high" of "this belauded institution of the British turf."

From the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen

Recently Governor-General of Canada

THAT gambling is constantly a source of mischief and misery is generally admitted by all thinking people; and in most civilised countries attempts are made to check it by legislation.

This ought to be sufficient to expose the absurdity of representing the opposition to the practice as a matter of mere prejudice or fanaticism.

But when we come to discuss methods of repressing it, divergence and difference of opinion seem to be inevitable. Many regard every form of "staking" money as in itself morally wrong. The position, however, can hardly be logically sustained,

that if two persons voluntarily make a bargain to the effect that in certain eventualities a specified sum of money is to change hands, the transaction is in itself an immoral one.

We must point rather to the indirect aspects of the system, to its irrational character, to the immense scope for unfairness—even when there is no intention to take an unfair advantage—and to the many harmful and disastrous results which it has produced.

At the same time, while contending against the evil, we must remember that a vast number of people have been brought up with the idea that some forms of gambling, for instance the playing of games for perhaps small sums of money, are a matter of course.

Betting: Opinions of Representative Men

The writer remembers being surprised, not to say somewhat scandalised, during a



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

visit to a country house many years ago, by observing one of the younger sons of the household, immediately after family prayers, advance to his father, who had been conducting the worship, and gravely hand over 1s. 6d., remarking that it was what he (the son) owed to him for what he had lost at a "round game" the previous evening. The father pocketed the money composedly, with a "Thank you, my boy." Possibly he regarded it as a commendable example of the prompt payment of a debt, but a spectator could not help reflecting that if unfortunately in later years the same boy came to his father for assistance in paying for losses incurred at "play" he might claim that the practice was commenced under his father's roof.

The incident is also an illustration of the manner in which gambling, at least in its milder forms, is regarded by whole sections of the community. For this and other reasons, the singling out of prominent individuals for expostulation or reproach, because of their being reputedly in the habit of betting, is futile, and in itself undesirable, not to say objectionable. It is sure to cause resentment, not only on the part of those indicated, but of multitudes of others, including even many who regard the practice very differently from the burly

Yorkshireman, who, when nearing his end, was reminded by his pastor of the angelic condition to which he might soon attain, and remarked, "When thee comes, Parson, I'll fly thee for a pound."

The recognition, however, of the hindrances to a reform need not, must not, discourage from earnest and persistent efforts to carry it out; only let such recognition suggest and inculcate care and discretion in those efforts.

Everything that could tend to make gambling "unfashionable" will be helpful in the desired direction. Even where anything in the nature of declamation would be inappropriate there may be opportunities of suggesting that there is something ignoble in pocketing another person's money without having done anything really to earn it. And all who show moral courage by declining to bet or to "play for money" will surely be promoting, whether they know it or not, a more righteous and rational attitude in regard to this important national question.

ABERDEEN.

From the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.

Without answering your specific questions, I would say that I have long ago



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

formed the opinion that betting and gambling come next to drink (and I doubt

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even if they really come below it) in the measure of the curse they bring upon society.

H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

**From the Provost, Trinity College,
Dublin**

From a theoretical point of view it is difficult to prove the unlawfulness of



THE REV. G. W. SALMON, D.D.
From a photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin

betting; because almost all mercantile profit is hoped to be made by a successful prediction of the state of markets in a future unknown at the time. As to the practical evils of betting there can be no doubt. And I fear that betting used in the hope of making money without labour is on the increase. I notice with regret that many games in which young men used to engage gladly for the pleasure of them or for mere honour and glory now need to be stimulated by large money inducements in order to gain competitors.

G. W. SALMON.

From the Head Master of Rugby

I fear I have had no special experience on the subject of betting, but I send the following answers to your questions:

(1) I gather from others that betting is on the increase in society generally, but I have no reason to suppose that it is so in any serious sense amongst school-boys; and

I have never come across any case of a boy's school career being shipwrecked from that cause.

(2) I have had no observation of its effects upon personal character.

(3) Probably there is a good deal of betting upon football matches, especially among the working classes. I do not think, and I believe I am expressing the opinion of a good many other schoolmasters with whom I have discussed the question, that there is any appreciable amount of betting amongst boys over their own games. I quite agree that athletics and betting should be kept as distinct as possible by all who possess any opinions in the matter.

(4) As the chief danger lies in the publication of the odds etc. by sporting and other papers, one of the best remedies, so far as I can judge, would be the starting of a really good newspaper which would decline to publish such details. The



THE REV. H. A. JAMES, D.D.
From a photograph by Speight, Rugby

betting I have come across amongst school-boys has been chiefly brought about in this manner. I think if such a paper as I have described were started, it would be encouraged by schoolmasters generally. They would then be better able to inhibit a great deal of the sporting newspaper literature which at present holds the field.

I may add that I have never been able to persuade myself that betting in itself—as apart from the abuse of it—is wrong (if it were it would be necessary to forbid every-

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thing in the shape of insurance, which is based upon a principle akin to that of gambling), but the use and abuse of it no doubt lie very closely together, and I gladly acknowledge the duty under which school-masters lie of discouraging betting as far as possible.

H. A. JAMES.

From the High Master of St. Paul's School, London

I am now in my seventieth year and have been a head master for forty years, and never once, if I can trust my memory, has a pupil of mine to my knowledge been concerned in horse-racing or gambling. No doubt among the many thousand boys who have passed under my hands some must have gone wrong in this respect, but it must have been in an inconspicuous manner, otherwise it must have been brought at last to my notice. I might say much the same of my adult acquaintances. Gambling I suspect is not a favoured vice of the intellectual classes.

I feel sure you will get a similar answer from the head masters of the other great London schools. Personally all my knowledge of gambling is derived from reading, and in early life I came to the conclusion that, though gambling is not as criminal or degrading as some other vice, it is more deadly to a man's well-being than any other, and, when once the habit is established, more clogging and ineradicable.

FRED. W. WALKER.

From the Master of Dulwich College

I am glad to answer your questions. It is my opinion that betting is on the increase, though I have not any distinct facts to bring forward to prove it: I go only by general impression; it is not my belief that it is increasing in public schools.

I have a strong opinion that with ordinary men it is a practice very hard to keep within bounds: there always is a great danger that it will advance from something small to something greater, and become used as a means for making money. When this is in any degree the way in which it is regarded, the consequences on personal character can only be described as ruinous.

I do not think that the athletic movement as it regards games strengthens the system, but rather lessens it: for I think little betting takes place in connection with them,

and men's interest is by them drawn away from places where betting is much more general. I do not, however, feel the same confidence with regard to athletic sports.



A. H. GILKES, ESQ., M.A.

From a photograph by James Bayfield

As to practicable remedies, the chief seems to me to be the ceasing on the part of newspapers to publish odds, and the continued attempt to put a stop to systematic bookmaking as a profession.

A. H. GILKES.

From the Head Master of The Leys School, Cambridge

My dear Sir,—Happily my experience of school-boy life has not brought me into contact with the prevalence of betting. I will, however, answer your questions as briefly as I can.

(1) Is betting on the increase? What I have seen of manufacturing towns makes me think it is. Even working women and girls are induced to put money on horses and sporting events of which they can have no direct knowledge. The glamour and excitement of this easy means of making money are very infectious.

(2) I have but little opportunity of personal observation of the effects of betting on character. The cases I have heard of have been marked by demoralisation due to occasional large gains when there has been no labour; recklessness in expenditure, since

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a moment may take money all away; and finally a real intoxication of money-getting by any means for the opportunity of betting.

(3) The athletic movement certainly is in danger of giving added opportunity for betting. This is not by any means necessary; athleticism, like horse-racing, in itself is healthy and desirable. Its excess is unhealthy; betting is its abuse. All with authority should strenuously divorce sport from gambling.

The universal power of reading, along with all its advantages, has brought vast ease of knowing sporting events, betting odds, etc., and the eager purchase of many evening papers is often due to desire more feverish than that for honest knowledge of a game.

(4) The one main remedy is clear teaching on the immorality of gain without labour of brain or hand, and a development of moral sense which will respond to this teaching. Subsidiary to this is the utmost legal restriction of the betting tout. His function

(2) As to its effect upon character, my secluded life prevents me from having much experience.

(3) Does the athletic movement encourage betting? Not the *athletic* movement certainly, but the *spectatorial* spirit. The desire to see others struggle rather



DR. J. D. MCCLURE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

than undergo the necessary amount of training effort and self-denial.

(4) What remedies do I suggest? No direct ones. The true athletic spirit properly developed as in good schools might do much.

J. D. MCCLURE.

From Robert Anderson, Esq., C.B.

Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

Among men in what is called "Society" I believe there is less betting, as happily there is less drinking, than there used to be. But taking the community as a whole, I have no doubt whatever that betting is greatly on the increase, and that, generally speaking, its effect upon character is evil in the extreme.

Its effects upon the individual may of course depend upon circumstances. Just as a man of strong digestion and healthy and vigorous frame may live to a green old age as a dram-drinker, though this vice will bring other men to an early grave, so also,



THE REV. W. T. A. BARBER

From a photograph by A. R. Perry

is one obviously noxious to the commonwealth, and he should be treated as a harmful parasite.

W. T. A. BARBER.

From the Head Master, Mill Hill School, London

In reply to your questions:

(1) As to the increase of betting, I have no data on which to form an opinion.

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if a man's means are such that he can afford to be indifferent to his gains and losses in



ROBERT ANDERSON, ESQ., C.B.
From a photograph by W. G. Moore

betting, indulgence in the vice may not develop in him the base and sordid feelings it excites in others. But exceptional cases may be left out of account here. With the vast majority of those who practise the vice, betting begets a hungry greed of illicit gain.

Here again, however, we may distinguish. A woman may adorn her head with feathers without suffering the moral degradation which would result from full knowledge of the suffering caused to the creatures sacrificed to pander to her thoughtless vanity. So a man who bets only through an agent may escape in a large degree the no less debasing influence of witnessing unmoved the misery of those whose money he pockets. But the cloak of ignorance under which the betting man shelters himself is more transparent and more despicable than that of the feather-bedecked woman. My testimony is that betting is the fruitful cause not merely of a vast amount of misery, but also of crime. And my estimate of its effect on character is such as that I would not employ, I would not trust, any man who was addicted to it.

And here I make no distinction between personal and national character. The character of a nation is the character of the average citizen. If the infamy of a Dreyfus case would be impossible in England, it is

because the average Englishman has a deep love of justice and fair play. And this trait of the English character has hitherto been fostered even by our great national games. The typical Englishman, for example, no matter on which side of a football match his sympathies might lean, would resent anything dishonourable or unfair in the contest. But once the element of betting on the match becomes prevalent, the spectators will be ready to applaud any trick, any brutality, to ensure the success of one side or the other. This is notoriously the case with horse-racing; and in some places the same influence is producing like results with regard to our national games.

The obvious remedies needed are, first, to educate public opinion on the subject, and, secondly, legislation.

The present law is absurd and contemptible; and all that is needed is a change that would make it consistent with itself, and consonant with the better feelings of the community on the subject.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

From the Rev. J. W. Horsley

Formerly Chaplain to Clerkenwell Prison

(1) Betting is undoubtedly on the increase; largely so in cities, and even country



THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY
From a photograph by Hassanio

villages, where it was practically unknown twenty years ago. To prove this it is sufficient

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to note the number of sporting papers, and what is found to be most attractive in the contents bills of evening papers.

(2) I found in prison the character of the betting man lower than that of the burglar. He loses the desire and the power to believe in honour and honesty of other people. His creed is "Do everybody, and take care they don't do you," and his one prayer the awful parody, "Give me this day my brother's bread."

(3) I should turn the question round, and say that certainly the system of betting is weakening the athletic movement, and making sport after sport such as no respectable people can support or even attend. Football holds out in many cases and places, but is succumbing here and in the colonies. Cricket and golf are now, perhaps, the only sports in which "sold in the interests of bookies" is not a suspicion and even an assertion when there is a defeat.

(4) Practical remedies (apart from the elevation of intellectual and moral character which would make betting regarded as an absurdity and a disgrace) are (1) the prohibition of the publication of odds in papers; (2) a progressive or cumulative system of fines for those convicted of street betting; (3) more, and more definite, teaching and preaching concerning the immorality of the desire to get money without giving value in return, and to fine a brother for his innocent ignorance.

J. W. HORSLEY.

From the Stipendiary Magistrate of the City of Birmingham

In answer to your letter dated September 5, I regret to say that I am not able to reply to your questions fully or in detail, as the only betting that comes before me in my judicial capacity is "street betting," and the great evil connected with this class of betting in a large town like Birmingham is that the betting men wait at the corner of a street, and so catch men coming from or going to their manufactories at the dinner hour, and take small bets from them, from sixpence upwards. I should think this class of betting is on the increase, but I am unable to suggest any remedy for it.

T. M. COLMORE.

From the Procurator-Fiscal, Glasgow

I believe betting is rather on the increase than otherwise in spite of the efforts of the legislature to check it. No doubt there are

very few betting houses in the old sense, but the business is not the less energetically carried on, as the bookmakers in chief employ so many agents and touts for keeping up communications with their customers. An extensive amount of work of this sort is done by street betting conducted in the least ostentatious manner possible, so as not to attract the attention of the police. One expedient resorted to is for the betting agent to go just beyond the city boundary where the Glasgow Police Acts do not apply, and where, as the law in the rural districts is different, the betting on a country road cannot be interfered with.

The effect on character is indubitably very bad. Those who have had opportunities of observing how men slip into crime are well aware that one decided cause is the idle disposition which seeks to get as it were a week's wage for an hour's work. This is the essential aspiration of persons given to betting, and the unfortunate frequency of embezzlements due to the need of money for betting purposes is sufficient to stamp the whole betting system with a stigma of which it can never be free.

That the athletic movement tends to encourage betting a little is, I daresay, true enough; still, so far as my attention has been drawn to the subject, I should think the percentage of betting on athletic events is comparatively small compared with that on horse-racing. It would be well if the managers of athletic clubs and the like were to exert themselves to prevent the betting taint from affecting an institution which is so closely bound up with the physical energy of our race.

I think the law against street betting in boroughs generally should be extended to rural areas, with this qualification, that as the clause in the Borough Police Act, 1892, is inadequate in its terms, a single and stronger enactment should be made law both for town and country.

GEORGE NEILSON.

From the Rev. D. L. Ritchie, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Among the teeming industrial populations of the North of England the vice of gambling abounds in many forms, but especially in those forms that are considered minor. Some of the forms of sport that find a home in the north are horse-racing, horse-trotting, running, rowing, boxing, coursing, pigeon-flying, pigeon-shooting, sparrow-shooting, long bowling, cycling,

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football, cricket, golf, etc., and one is afraid that it must be affirmed that the gambling taint marks them all in some form or another. Even such noble games as cricket and golf are not free from its degrading touch. Football has become quite a mania, and to it and the money-mongering and gambling associated with it one must affix the blame of degrading sports. The consequence is that the sporting proclivities of the North maintain quite a regiment of bookmakers, who prey on the young and unknowing. Week after week batches of them appear in the police-courts; but bookmaking seems a prosperous business, at least, if we are to judge by the ability of those convicted to



THE REV. D. L. RITCHIE

From a photograph by E. G. Brewis, Newcastle

pay large fines. The most deplorable feature of the gambling fever however, if one feature can be said to be more deplorable than another, is the extent to which minors and women (not ladies, so-called, with time and means, but working women, married and unmarried) are given to petty gambling and the risking of their hard-won money in petty bets or in sweepstakes. No one who watches the effects of petty betting on individual character can for a moment doubt the grave moral danger there is in having anything whatever to do with it. It quickly makes flabby all moral muscle, creates a distaste for honest work, and especially for all philanthropic and Christian work, and kills all moral aspiration.

I have not yet known a man given even to petty gambling whose moral vision did not become dim, and his moral edge blunt. Systematically pursued, the result of betting cannot fail to be morally disastrous.

The relation of "Betting and Gambling" to the public-house also demands consideration. Betting and drinking are usually found together, if they are not twin evils. The one nurtures and feeds the other. Well was it lately said by the secretary of the Boiler-makers' Union that the working man's greatest enemies are "Bung and Bookie." The remedy for the present grave state of matters must, it seems to me, be sought along two lines—the one prohibitive and the other educational.

I. PROHIBITIVE.—(1) Little progress can be made against the evil until there is a clearing up of the law on gambling, and an end put to the possibility of trifling absurdities and ridiculous quibbles in courts of law as to what constitutes "a place" in the legal sense. In how many courts, and how often of late, have the good intentions of police and of watch committees to suppress betting and gambling been baffled by the uncertainty of the Bench whether a close, a corner of the street, or a back yard, could be termed "a place"? An effort must be made to make the law clear to ordinary intelligence, and betting anywhere made a penal offence.

(2) The publication of odds and of betting news in the daily press and in papers specially devoted to sport must be legally forbidden.

(3) The use of national property in the telegraph must, as far as possible, be denied for betting purposes, and the discovery of such use—a most difficult task where cypher codes are used—made a crime.

(4) A very heavy penalty—nothing short of imprisonment with hard labour—must be attached to the offence of anyone proved guilty of betting or gambling with minors. It is no uncommon thing for a youth to get his first taste of gambling and find himself in serious trouble through being accosted and tempted by one of the many betting sharks that prowl about the streets and workshop gates in our large towns. One hears of many such cases, and recently I had to do with a case where moral, and of course professional, disaster threatened a youth who had first been led astray by a bookmaker, who stopped him in the street, and taught him (as it was put) how to get ten shillings for one. It is in this way

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that gambling gets its first hold of many of its victims.

II. EDUCATIONAL.—(1) A vigorous moral propaganda against betting and gambling must be organised in connection with every organisation that seeks first righteousness and God's kingdom. For this purpose there is need for the exhibition, elucidation, and illustration of an ethic of gambling. How great this need is can be seen from the speeches that are sometimes made, even by leading public men. According to a recent speaker, it is no doubt foolish and even wrong to bet big amounts, but it is not morally wrong to make small bets, if one has the money to spare.

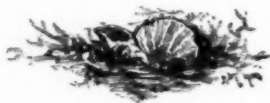
Indeed, it is far too generally assumed that it is impossible to prove that gambling is wrong, apart from the consequences that follow what is now termed "plunging." How wisely has Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out that rarely is there any recognition of the *fundamental reason* for condemning the practice. It must be taught that betting, apart altogether from amounts or consequences, is in itself pernicious and immoral. There is a small but excellent book on the "Ethics of Gambling," by Professor Douglas MacKenzie; there is, however, ample room for one or two more.

(2) The churches must be aroused to the magnitude of the evil and must bestir themselves to bring the whole force of Christian truth to bear against immoral speculation in all its many forms. A higher commercial morality must be preached.

(3) Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and even day-schools must make it part of their business to expose the pernicious habit, until the conscience of the community is quickened and fortified against it. Here, as elsewhere, the hope of the nation is with the young.

(4) The proper place of sports and pastimes in the life of a community must be emphasised, and sport, as sport, not foolishly condemned. The modern mania for sport, with all its drawbacks, has something to be said for it, even from a moral standpoint. Much could be said for it, especially in vast industrial centres, if only it could be kept free from gambling. Above all things it has to be recognised that the betting fever which at present is passing over the country like an epidemic is one of the outcomes of the modern lust for gold and haste to be rich—a lust that is eating out the heart and eating away the moral fibre of present-day society.

D. L. RITCHIE.



And so my Love came back to me

BY BEATRICE M. HICKS

THEY say a man works from joy and a woman from sorrow. A man writes for ambition, for wealth, and for fame, but a woman only writes when sorrow drives her, when she is disappointed with the world and with life: so long as she is happy at home, she wants to do nothing outside.

That may be so for clever women, but it is not so with me; and I feel to-night that I must sit and tell you of that great joy that has come to me, after many years.

After many years! I could never have pictured long ago of my being here in London, with the roar going up and down, and the fog and dirt of November covering everything outside. I read somewhere once, "They change the country and not

the heart, who travel across the sea"; so what matters it then if outside it is grey and dull, so long as I still treasure within, the brightness and warmth of our African sun? What does it matter if my hair is grey and the noise is often too much, so long as my heart is the same—as full of love as it was when my black hair tossed down my back in the old Cape days? What does it matter if the people around are not so kindly and free as the old colonial friends? Here is my home and my dear ones—Aileen is singing, I love to listen to her; we are waiting for Tom, who comes down from college to-night; and Alan, my husband, will soon be in.

Looking back, it all seems so long ago now. Well! I suppose it is. Alan and I are both

And so my Love came back to me

getting old. I can remember him as early as I can remember anybody. We were little girls, and he was a big boy—at least to us. We used to go out from town to stay on the farm every holiday, and just ran wild. We did enjoy it, his mother was always so good to us. I can see him now running about in his little blue overall, up to all sorts of fun, fighting the little Kaffirs and smacking them—just as Tom did later on. And we girls would follow him everywhere; and mother would cry over our clothes at the end of the holidays and wonder how we could be so naughty.

Then Alan went to school, and we were rather afraid of him then, and looked up to him. Grahamstown was so far away—it took two days to get there in a cart, and we thought it so wonderful to go all that distance to learn lessons. It cost a lot of money too, but old Mr. Lang was rich. Beside Doornkop, where they lived, he had Blaaukrantz and two other farms down near Bedford, so he could well spend money on his sons. They were always proud of Alan too, and he was a clever boy.

"Ah! he must go to England," his father would always say; and after he had finished at Grahamstown at the college they decided he should be sent home to study. He was going to be a doctor.

"I think it takes five years at least to make a doctor, Agnes," he said, "so I shall be gone all that time. But you will write to me always, will you not? And I shall always think of you."

We had grown up together as girl and boy, and we never knew how much we loved each other until we had to part. We were both so young, and it seemed so terrible, but he was full of hope and excitement. I went out to the farm to help them pack up for him, so we spent his last few days together. . . . I shall never forget them. . . . There was no settled engagement between us—we were so young, and the time was so long—but he gave me this ring, this little one with the pearls that I am wearing now, and we neither of us dreamt of not meeting again. The old people would smile at us in their homely way, and when at last he had kissed us all and said "Good-bye," they called after him, "We'll take good care of Agnes for you, Alan, until you come back. Good luck, my son!"

It is always hardest for the ones that are left behind. We were both so miserable—his mother and I—when he had gone, and

we had to put away the things he had left behind. Then we got his first letter from England—full of delight at everything he saw. He seemed, as was natural, quite to have got over the sorrows of parting, giving us long accounts of the jolly voyage, the nice people he had met and the new places he had seen. At first he used to write a great deal to me and to his home people, but by-and-by his letters became shorter and scarcer, as if he could not find anything much to tell us. It was difficult, we not knowing his surroundings and friends—I can understand that. Sometimes he would mention the old Cape days, and say, "Ah! we do not get so-and-so in England." And at Christmas time we packed up a box to send him, full of home-made things—Cape gooseberry jam, water-melon conserve, quince jelly, even some Boer tobacco that grew on the farm—I don't suppose he ever smoked it!—and biltong too. I remember the old lady saying, "Ach! Alan—he was always fond of biltong, game biltong especially, and it's so good and so strengthening for him too. Let us put in a lot, my dear. I dare say he will like to give some to his friends, the young men at the hospital."

But, as I said, his letters became less and less frequent; we heard, however, that he was getting on well, and his father was never tired of telling people on market days how clever his son was, and how he passed his exams. better than anyone. And at last came a letter for me, over which I sat and cried for many a day. He had decided, he said, to settle in London after his student days were over, and not come back to the Cape. He had tasted life, he could never go back to existence. He knew it meant work—it was hard even to get a living nowadays—but he had made up his mind to work, he would succeed although it took many years. And as that was so, he said it was only right not to bind me in any way, but he would always think of me as one of the dearest friends of his boyhood, and wished me all happiness for the future.

It was the best thing he could do, I suppose. And although at the time I thought he was forgetful and cruel, yet I knew I could never forget him or love anybody else. I can understand now so well how it was. It was quite natural, a young man, clever and bright, finding himself in a new world, a new circle of friends, with new ambitions—such as we,

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leading our quiet simple lives at the Cape, could never enter into. When he first went away, I used to read and to study to try and keep equal to him; but I know now that you learn more of life in a day in England than you would from books in a year at the Cape.

I never showed the letter to anybody, and none of them guessed how I grieved. There was no use in sitting and crying, and besides I had no time for that. There is always a lot of work to be done, and if you haven't much of your own, there are always other people that want help.

After a young man has been gone some years from a place, the people forget him, and so they did Alan. But I didn't: and his mother and I used to talk over him. Then Reuben, her other son, married, and that took up her thoughts a great deal, and a good many changes took place in the neighbourhood. I felt I was getting quite old. I think my people would have liked me to marry—there was one young man, who . . . but . . . I didn't.

One day a young doctor was staying in the town at the Harveys', on his way up-country—we met him there.

Oh yes, he said, he knew Lang. They were at Bart's together. Awfully clever chap! a beggar to work. He had a practice of his own now, and was working day and night and half starving himself. But he was bound to get on. It was nice to get news first-hand of Alan, and I liked his friend—this young Mr. Atkinson, I think his name was. He was quite English, and was so amused at some of our ways. I remember he made us laugh, too, when he tried to eat green mealies with a knife and fork.

"And Alan Lang never talks of coming home again?" I asked.

"Oh no! this sort of life wouldn't suit him now. He's more of a Londoner than any of us. He often talks of the Cape, though. I shouldn't wonder if he ran out for a trip again when he's made his pile—and can afford the time."

I heard no more of him for a long time; and, indeed, my thoughts were taken up with other things. Some years after, I went out to Doornkop. I had been staying away for some months down at Worcester, where one of my sisters was married and was ill. Somehow they all used to send for me when they wanted anyone to nurse and to help.

"Well! Agnes," said the old man, "glad to see you. You've been away from

us a long time, my dear. We've a piece of news for you. Look: do you see that?" and he pointed to a photograph in a grand frame. It was hung over the mantelpiece between that year's almanack and an advertisement for Cooper's Dip. It was the picture of a lady in evening dress holding a fan, and she was very pretty.

"That's Alan's wife," said the old man; "he's married."

"Alan married!" said I.

"Yes, and time enough too. Why, we were only talking it over to-day. He was forty last birthday—how time does fly! He and you were always about the same age, I remember. Yes, yes, you were a year or two younger. And he's been away more than twenty years. When he went we never thought he'd be gone so long. I don't suppose I shall see him again in this world. . . . With us old folk a year makes a lot of difference. . . . He was forty in May. It is— Things are different now. I was a full-grown man when my father was forty—and he's only just married. I suppose that's the English way—but he has done well now he's waited so long. . . . She's rich, he says, and of good family, and her uncle is a baronet or something. It's all in the paper there which he sent us out; it must have been a grand wedding. The wife put it away with the other little things of Alan's. Women like hoarding up such things. She will show it to you. . . . Dear me! dear me! . . . but he was always a clever lad—I always said he'd do well some day."

And he went talking on in the way old men have, sitting back in his armchair. He was ill and feeble even then; and the next winter he died, and we buried him in the graveyard by the orchard.

So whenever I went out to the farm I saw the picture with the dainty lady looking at me, in her satin and her jewels. I don't think I was ever jealous of her, but it sometimes made me sad. Here was I in my kapje and my old skirt and apron, perhaps helping with the ironing on the table—and she—! It only showed how Alan and I had grown apart. How different our lives had been!

After that I came gradually to live out at Doornkop. The old lady had no daughter, and liked to keep her own home rather than go to Reuben at Blaaukrantz. So I stayed on with her till she died—but that was long after the children came—and became like a daughter to her, and she was always so good to me.

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Oh the coming of the children! Afterwards we always wondered what we could have done before they came—Alan's children—two such darlings!—dear little Tom and Aileen—she was such a sweet!

For when Alan's wife died, poor thing! he sent them out to us—all that way—such little things they were then. Aileen was four, and Tom was six. Alan wrote and said he was busy all day, he had no one to look after them, and his wife's people did not want them.

Would his mother take care of them for his sake for a year or two? He was sorry to part with them, but he thought it was best both for him and for them. A widower's children were always dragged up. Besides, they were delicate children and he was troubled about them; very likely the Cape air would make them strong and sturdy.

He sent lots of money for the children, too, for he was a rich man now; and his mother sat and cried over that. "Fancy wanting money for Alan's children!" she said.

And they were two pale little things when they came out. But Tom was tall for his age; Aileen was always small and tiny.

They could not make out the farm at all at first, poor darlings, though they had seen a lot of new things since they left England, and used to jabber along about all the things they had done on the voyage. They seemed to love us at once—grannie and Auntie Agnes, as they called me—but they did not like the natives. Tom would throw stones at them and tease them, while Aileen would scream if one of them touched her. She would not let Sarah dress her or try to comb her hair, and she would always cry so much that I would have to come. She would let none of them have anything to do with her but me. She was such a dainty little girl! And what lovely clothes she had!—well, they both had, for the matter of that—so fine and delicate! The little dresses and the little petticoats—I was afraid to send them to the wash with our clothes, for old Sannie scraped them out so on the stones in the river, so I always did them up myself. They loved the oxen and the waggon, and we would go and meet it when it came from town and have a ride home. They were both so friendly and chatted on, and from them we learnt more about Alan than we had done through all his letters.

"That's mamma," said Tom once, looking at the photograph.

"Yes," said Aileen, repeating; "that's mamma. Why doesn't mamma come and live here with auntie?"

"Mamma's dead, you stupid!" said Tom; "we shan't see her any more—Jane said so. That's why they all had new dresses. And you know, auntie, Ann was so fat, hers wouldn't fasten, and cook had to come and try. She pulled and pulled, and Jane laughed, and Ann laughed, and cook laughed, and I laughed too. It was such fun! And Aileen had a black dress, quite a new one—"

"Yes," broke in Aileen, "with a sash—such a grand one!"

"Yes; you know you cried, because papa was angry and made them take it off and put on your old white one. . . . You screamed, and papa called you a naughty little girl."

"I don't like papa," said Aileen.

"Oh! hush, Aileen," said I; "you mustn't say that, because papa is so good to you, and loves you so much."

"Papa always says 'Don't make such a noise, children,'" said Tom; and he imitated him well, I could scarcely help laughing. "Mamma was pretty—she was just like that lady in grannie's book"—an old fashion-book that the children used to look at—"and she came up to kiss us when we were in bed, and sometimes we went down to tea in the drawing-room with her; and once I went out in the carriage, but I kicked the rug about and mamma gave me a smack. But Aileen always went—she was a girl and wore pretty clothes. But I liked Ann best—do you know Ann, auntie? We went to the park, and she let us play at anything. She sat on a seat with a soldier. He was always there. He wore a red coat and red trousers, and once he gave me some marbles and a toy gun. I liked him, and he called me 'Young Shaver.' He often kissed Ann, and Aileen too. Aileen kicked him, but Ann didn't. Papa sent Ann away when we came here, and she cried. I think she's gone to live with the soldier—I don't know where he lives."

"In England," lisped Aileen.

"No, of course not," said Tom; "that's where papa lives, in England. I remember"—he began knitting his little brows—"it was Aldershot. Is Aldershot near the Doornkop, auntie?"

And I would listen and let them talk on. I began to learn how neglected their little lives must have been, and my heart grew fuller of pity and love for them.

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"Auntie," asked Tom one day, "what is Uncle Reuben?"

"A farmer," I said.

"And Cousin Walter?"

"A farmer."

"And Mr. De Beer, who gave me that dear little white pig?"

"He's a farmer too, dear."

"I think farmers are very nice people. Papa is a doctor. Mr. Davidson is a doctor too. I don't like him. He pinches my legs. He and mamma and Aileen went to the bazaar, and he bought Aileen a doll, and we called it Mr. Davidson, and I pulled its hair off, and then Ann whipped me. . . ."

It was in the evening time, when I was putting them to bed, that they chatted most ;

but soon their home memories faded away, the recollection of their parents became dim in the distance, and their little lives became one with ours on the farm.

The cows, the oxen, the horses were all of such interest to them; and Tom, if he could slip away, would go off over the veldt with the dogs, trying to hunt with a crowd of little natives in tow. He learnt to speak Kaffir well, and oh! he was a pickle! I wish I could tell you all the things he did. Sometimes his grannie would get anxious and cry over him, and wonder what would happen; but I comforted her and said, "Boys will be boys. Allan was just like that." But he was a dear affectionate little soul, and obedient too, with me, though I must

say he made me nervous now and again, when I saw him trying to ride the calves, or climbing about on the walls. Little Aileen was more quiet, and would sit on the stoep with the Kaffir girl, threading her beads or playing at oxen. Grand oxen they made, with a mealie cob, and pieces of wire for the horns!

When the children first came, I got down the old lesson-books from the loft—those that we had used when we were children ourselves—and I began teaching. I don't think the lessons were hard, and in the summer we had them before breakfast when it was still cool; then there was the whole day for them to play and to rest. Then at sundown came bedtime and tale-



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telling. They always wanted me to tell them tales. All children like that. Sometimes in the summer evenings, when it was getting cooler and the moon came up and the children were not able to sleep, they would come out where we were sitting in the moonlight. Aileen would curl herself on my lap, and Tom would nestle on a rug at grannie's feet. It was always then, "Tell us a story, auntie."

And I would tell them the old-fashioned stories—Cinderella, Blue Beard, and the rest. But Tom would say, "No; real ones, auntie." And then I would have to make up tales about lions and elephants that were here at Doornkop long ago, and the funny little treacherous Bushmen, and ostriches and Kaffir wars. And for Aileen I always had to tell about Rosemonga and the baboons.

"Little Rosemonga lived in the kloof in her hut with her mother. She was quite small, and only wore her blue and white beads, and when it was cold in winter her mother gave her a little kaross. One day her father went far away with some cattle to get another wife, and her mother put the baby on her back and went out to the mealie land to scuffle the mealies. She gave Rosemonga a calabash with some milk, and told her to stay in the hut until she came back. 'If you go out,' she said, 'the baboons will come and take you. You can hear them now on the mountains. Baach-um! Baach-um!' And the mother went away. But Rosemonga was naughty; she thought she would go out too, and get some gum from the thorn trees. She was very fond of gum. So she crept through the doorway and looked around. She could see no one, and she got up and walked along the path to the thorn bushes. Soon she came to a tree with lots of gum and stopped, and ate as much as she could reach; then on she went again, rubbing her sticky hands on her little fat sides. She had got far away from home and was under a big thorn tree, when all at once she heard a great noise, 'Baach-um! Baach-um!' and a big baboon came running along. Rosemonga was very frightened and tried to climb up the tree, but she couldn't. 'Who's that eating my gum?' said the baboon. 'What will my children do in the winter without any gum? Baach-um! Baach-um! I shall take you off with me to the mountains.'

"And Rosemonga began to cry. 'Oh baboon,' she said, 'see here, I will give you my little kaross!' But the baboon only growled 'Baach-um! Baach-um!'

" 'And here, I will give you my pretty blue beads!' But the baboon still growled and began to rush after her. And she chased her all about the thorn trees till poor little Rosemonga could run no longer.

" 'Baboon! Baboon! I will never eat your gum again!' she cried. But the baboon was angry and caught up Rosemonga and put her on her back just like she did her own little baby, and carried her off to the mountains. And Rosemonga screamed and yelled, but no one heard her, for her mother was down in the mealie field. And she never came home again, because the baboons kept her; and sometimes the hunters saw her, but they never were able to get her away."

Aileen loved this story of little Rosemonga who was turned into a baboon girl because she wouldn't do what her mother told her, and as soon as I finished the tale, would always say, "Tell it again, auntie, tell it again!" That is a way children have—they never get tired of the stories they like.

And so the years went on; and when the children grew bigger, Tom went into town to school. He rode his pony in on the Monday and out on the Friday, while Aileen always stayed with me on the farm. I was as glad as the children were when the holidays came. We would go away for a month or so seeing our friends, travelling in Reuben's little spring waggon, or else we would have the house full at Doornkop with friends out from town, and sometimes Mary's children from Worcester.

Ah well! all things come to an end at last, though sometimes the end comes unexpectedly. We are so apt to get into a groove and think that nothing can ever disturb us—it is so especially in a quiet life like mine, when each day is pretty much like the one that went before, and the year glides by without one's noticing it. I was very happy with the two children and the farmwork and the old lady. . . .

But the beginning was when she died—a dreadful grief it was to us all. I remember it was in October, the 23rd; but Reuben settled that I could stay on there with the children. And so we did, contentedly enough, until in the autumn I got a letter from Alan—the first one for almost thirty years!

I read it over once—twice—and the letter fell from my hand, and I sat helplessly gazing around. I was too stunned, too heart broken to cry—the sunlight seemed to have gone out of my life. It was only this—

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cold and stiff, but courteous. He was thinking of retiring, his health was giving way, and he wanted rest. But he wished to have the children back with him. That was it!—the children—he wanted them, and I

the moment I felt I almost hated Alan, and then my anger gave way to sorrow. I saw that nothing could be done—he was their father—it was another sorrow come that had to be borne, and I covered my head in



"HE ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE"

should have to give them up! It was true what he said—they would both have to go to school to finish their education. It was right for them to go back to England . . . but I felt I could not give them up! It was unfair—it was wrong. He had scarcely looked at them nor cared for them, and I had been a mother to them all these years! They were more my children than his; it was cruel of him to take them from me. I could not, I would not let them go. At

my hands and sobbed over the inevitable. It was evening, and the children were in bed. I could not stop in the house, it was suffocating; so I got up and staggered out. The moon was bright, and all was so calm and peaceful—it seemed to cool me and bring me hope. The shadows were dark and thick on the pathway, as I wandered down to the orchard and found myself by the wall of the old graveyard. The moon gleamed white on the headstones, and underneath the people were all so quietly lying. The old man and the old woman and the children that had died young, and his own father and mother. I envied them, I think, as they slept there. "Dear kind old people!" I sobbed; and as the wind gave a little sigh among the trees, my own loneliness came over me. Soon I should be alone—alone in the world! My sisters, my brothers were settled and married—I had no one belonging to me! My own parents were dead; those two dear old people were dead too! And the children were going! No one wanted me now—there was no one for me to care for—I had no more work to do in the world! And looking forward at the lonely years, I knelt and sobbed once more. That

whole night I stayed outside wandering about—the Hottentots would have thought me some evil spok had they seen me—and in the morning I told the children. . . .

I cannot tell you how hard it was, and all through the following weeks it was dreadful. The children, poor dears, felt it as much as I did, I think; and little Aileen would cling to me and sob—"You must come with us, too, auntie. I hate England and papa." Then Tom would try and be a

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man and comfort us poor women, and tell us, when he was big, how he would buy Doornkop from Uncle Reuben and come back and live there with us.

I cannot write any more about those days—it is too sad to think of. I had to pack and arrange for the children, and this reminded me of Alan's going long ago. They say that one sorrow revives others, and indeed, in my life, I had had many sorrows . . . but am glad that I have had strength and patience to bear them.

Three more days—everything was ready. Three more days, and my children would be gone. I was going to make the most of them, and I would not look beyond. . . .

We were going to a picnic for the last time by the waterfall, and I was packing up the basket when a cart came up. The children darted out to see, and by-and-by they came back, followed by a man. He stopped and stood in the doorway.

I started as if I had seen a ghost.

Then he spoke and said: "I thought I would come for the children myself!"

It was Alan.

After so many years—Alan come back to the farm. And so changed too—quite an old man. He looked ten—fifteen years older than myself, but he had led an anxious life; while I, perhaps, a lazy one. He was thin and slight, his hair was quite grey, and his eyes went far back into his head. But they were the same eyes as my Alan's of long ago, and when he laughed the smile was the same. Fancy, after all that time! At first I could not speak, but afterwards we sat and talked quite naturally.

He found everything so altered.

"In the town, there was not one person that knew me," he said; "and the place itself has altered too. New faces everywhere. Now they have the line up there, I see. I remember we used to have to drive to Middelburg. And the store too, where your father used to live?—who has that now? I only saw young men outside."

"My brother William lives there now, and those were his sons. I daresay you saw them outside. Nice boys—all grown up now. There is one married and has a child. Such a dear baby—and so I am a great-aunt now. I feel quite old, as I daresay you see me altered a great deal."

"Yes; and yet, I think you are the same, Agnes," he said.

And he asked after Reuben and after many people—boys whom he had known at school, but had left the district long ago,

and whom I had forgotten; and servants, too, who were either dead or had trekked away. I liked it, but it was sad in many ways, this turning of the ashes of the past.

We went into the garden, to the kraals, and along the lands by the river.

"Ah, I am glad. This is the same," he murmured. "I have so often thought of all this. And the house there, that has not been touched. It is nice to find you living in the old place, with the children."

The children were bounding along in front of us, Tom as usual to the fore, and Aileen trying to keep up with him. Our eyes followed them; and at last he said, with a smile, "I shall always be grateful to you, Agnes. You have been more than a mother to my children." And that was reward enough.

So we spent the whole day wandering about and revisiting the old spots. It did not seem possible that he could have been gone so long, for we talked as easily and naturally as if he had been gone a day.

In the evening we were leaning over the graveyard wall where the old people slept, and it was there that he asked me to be his wife, and I said "Yes."

All in a calm quiet way, for we were both of us old, and there had been many changes in our lives. But it did not seem strange at all—perhaps he and I had been together all the time, and known it not.

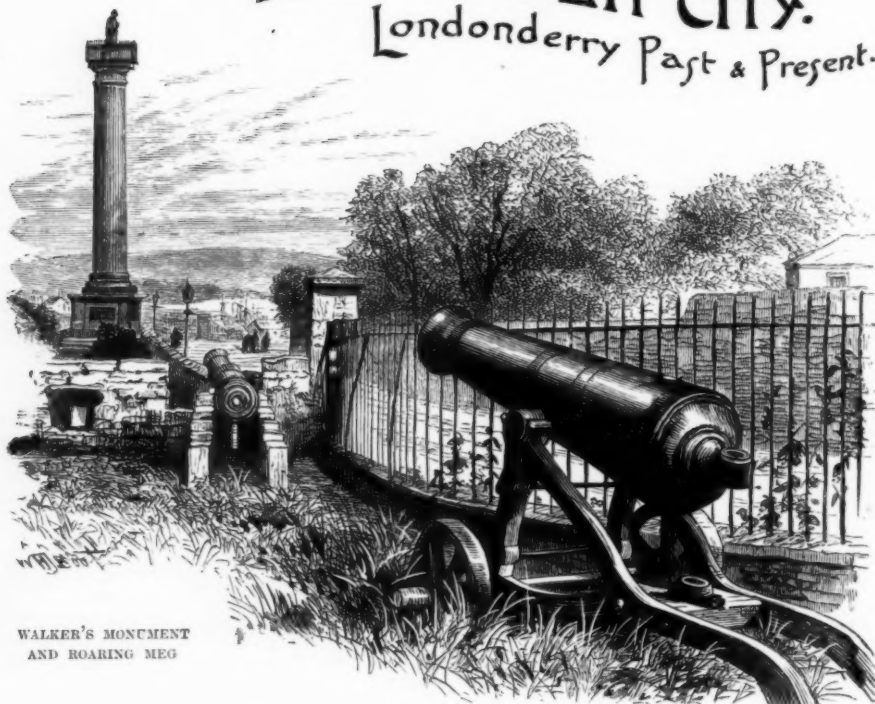
"So many things have happened since we last stood here—do you remember it, Agnes?" he said. "But looking back now, perhaps I should have spent my life differently from what I have done. I have succeeded as far as that goes, and done what I strove to do—and what is the good? I worked for money, for fame, for ambition—my whole life was spent for that; and I married, too, for that. And when I got them, I did not want them—I found I had been working for myself all the time! The battle is not worth it, Agnes. I might have . . . Yes, that's true; you've made me happy now, happier than I've been before; but I feel an old man almost now, and the years are gone—"

"Dear," I said, taking his hand in mine, "we must not look back or think what might have been—let us enjoy the happiness which we have. Don't look back—we must look forward together to the future."

And, hand in hand, we stood and looked beyond where the leaves in the orchard were ruddy with the autumn and shining with the gold of the setting sun.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

Londonderry Past & Present.



WALKER'S MONUMENT
AND ROARING MEG

“**A** GOOD sermon, my lord, a very good sermon, but we have not time to hear it now.” Such were the words with which, on a December day in 1688, one of the thirteen apprentices who had shut the gates of Derry against the army of King James and the Redshanks of the Earl of Antrim, met the remonstrances of Ezekiel Hopkins, Bishop of Derry. The bishop believed in the divine right of kings and the doctrine of passive obedience. But those daring apprentice lads saved for Derry its character of the Maiden City.

The Ferry Quay Gate, which was the first they closed that day in the face of the king's officers, is still standing, as are the other gateways and walls which stood the famous siege. A pleasant ride in the train from Belfast brings you in three or

four hours to the Londonderry station of the Northern Counties Railway, on the opposite bank of the River Foyle to that on which the ancient city stands. Cross the river by the stately Carlisle bridge, built in 1863 at a cost of £110,000, and a short distance from the river you enter the Ferry Quay Gate.

These walls and this city have a special interest for a Londoner. To the Corporation of London was entrusted by James I, in 1609, the duty of building a new city on the site of the ancient Derry (then in ruins), and of planting the city and county with inhabitants. For this purpose the Honourable the Irish Society was constituted by the Corporation, its charter being dated 1613. The governor and other officers of this Society still pay an annual visit to Londonderry and Coleraine, and give

The Maiden City : Londonderry Past and Present

annual grants to religious, educational, and philanthropic enterprises in city and county.

The walls of Derry were built in 1617 by the Irish Society, which also erected the cathedral and many houses in the city. Several of the London companies presented cannon for the defence of the walls. "Roaring Meg," the most notable of these, and one which played an important part in the siege of 1688-89, was presented by the Fishmongers' Company, while on other guns may still be seen the arms of the Vintners' Company and the Merchant Taylors' Company.

Three times the walls successfully resisted a hostile force. "In 1642," says Professor Witherow, "they intimidated Sir Phelim O'Neill, who threatened Derry but did not venture to attack it. In 1649 they enabled Sir Charles Coote, in the interest of the Commonwealth, to hold the city against the Royalists, under Lord Montgomery; and in 1689 they enabled a party of untrained civilians, gentry and clergy, peasants and artisans, to maintain their ground successfully against the whole army of King James."

Within and around these
The Great Siege walls the Protestant population of Ulster gathered in 1688

to seek shelter from the dangers which threatened their liberty and their lives.

The siege lasted from the beginning of December 1688 to the end of July 1689. For nearly three months of that time the city was subjected to almost continuous bombardment.

Between April 24 and July 22, 587 bombs were cast into the city. One of these is still shown in the porch of the cathedral.

Terrible were the sufferings of the besieged. Famine thinned the ranks of the garrison. Towards the end of July butter cost six and fourpence a pound, a dog six shillings, and the blood of a horse twopence a quart. A rat was sold for a shilling and a mouse for sixpence in the last week of the

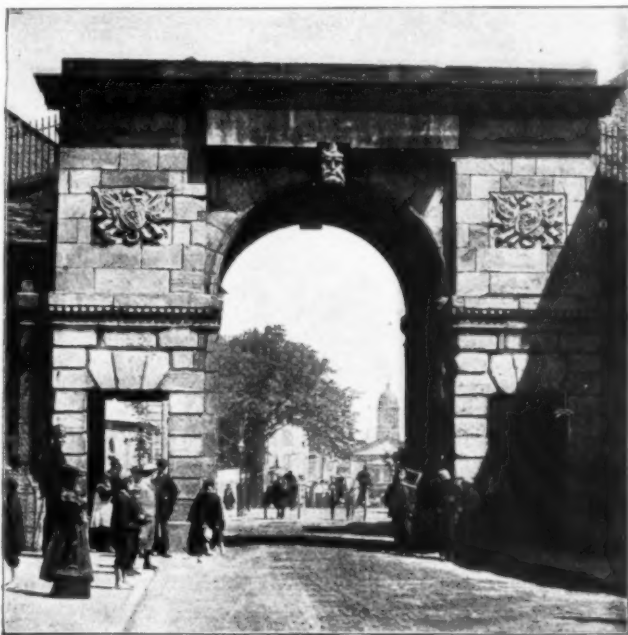
siege. A resident of County Derry who served as a common soldier during the siege, afterwards wrote :

"I myself was so weak from hunger that I fell under my musket one morning as I was going to the walls; yet God gave me strength to continue all night at my post there, and enabled me to act the part of a soldier as if I had been as strong as ever I was; yet my face was blackened with hunger. . . . I am sure it was the Lord that kept the city and none else."

The population of the city had fallen from 20,000 to 10,000, and the number of fighting men had been reduced to almost one-half. Still the cry of these gaunt and famished men was "No surrender!"

To prevent ships from bringing help by sea the besiegers had placed a "boom" across the river, consisting of thick cables, with large pieces of wood. A white cross marked on a stone still shows the spot, between Derry and Culmore, where one end of the boom was fastened. This is shown in our illustration.

But at last relief came. Under the protection of a frigate called the "Dartmouth" two small ships, the "Mountjoy" and the "Phoenix," struck the boom, and with the help of seamen hacking at it with axes shivered it to pieces. Derry was saved.



From a photograph by]

BISHOP'S GATE, LONDONDERRY

[Valentine & Sons

The Maiden City: Londonderry Past and Present

The heroic men and women behind its walls soon saw the ships gliding up to their quays. Their joy was uncontrollable. Bells were ringing, bonfires blazed all night. "When the first of August dawned," says Macaulay, "a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane. So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles."

is cut into shape. With almost lightning rapidity, both by machine and by hand, neck-bands, collars, cuffs, and fronts seem to spring into being. From the cutting-room we reach the machine-room. Here, as shown in our illustration, about four hundred women and girls are employed. The sewing-machines are all driven by steam. In this room the front is "machined" on to the shirt, and the skirts, cuffs, and bands are hemmed.

Then the shirt is ready for finishing by the outdoor workers. The separate pieces



From a photograph by

[Ayton, Londonderry

PLACE WHERE THE BOOM WAS FASTENED DURING THE SIEGE OF 1688-89

Shirt-making The walls which once rang with the roar of cannon, now resound with the whirr of sewing-machines. Shirt-making is the staple trade of Londonderry. No less than twenty factories are engaged in this industry. The largest is that of Tillie and Henderson. This firm employs 1,500 workers inside, and from two to three thousand outside.

First we step into the stock-room. Here are bales of white cotton imported direct from the bleaching-fields of Lancashire, and linen brought from Belfast. Then we pass through the cutting-room, where the material

—body, sleeves, bands, cuffs, vents—are tied up in bundles, each bundle containing the material for making a dozen shirts, with buttons and thread. These bundles find their way chiefly into the country cottages of the counties of Donegal, Tyrone, and Derry. There are few villages, indeed, in the north-west of Ireland where there are not sewing-machines at work, finishing in the homes of the people the shirts which have been sent from the Londonderry shirt factories.

Besides the shirt-making proper, there is in the factory I have mentioned a collar

The Maiden City : Londonderry Past and Present



From a photograph by

MACHINE-ROOM IN TILLIE AND HENDERSON'S SHIRT FACTORY

[James Glass, Londonderry]

and cuff department. Here seven hundred women and girls, and fifty men, are employed on collars and cuffs alone. It was interesting to watch the button-holes being cut and stitched by the same machine.

Then we have a look at the laundry. In this department about four hundred women and fifty men are employed in washing and ironing the shirts after they have come back finished from the country.

The hours of labour in this factory are from eight to one, and from two to six-fifteen, except on Saturday, when the works close at one.

I was much struck with the brightness and airiness of the rooms, and with the cleanly and intelligent appearance of the workers. In another leading shirt factory, that of Hogg and Mitchell, the electric light has been installed.

Altogether, over 30,000 women and girls are employed in the Londonderry shirt-making, and at least £350,000 are annually paid in wages.

Pork-curing What would Ireland be without its pigs? And what would our comic artists do for "local colour" in their pictures of Irishmen if the inevitable grunting, squealing, tugging, rent-paying animal were to disappear? Happily for Ireland and for English artists, the pigs are not all dead yet, though strenuous efforts are being made to kill them.

In the city of Londonderry, as well as in Belfast, Limerick, and Cork, pork-curing is an important industry. The largest business in the pork trade of Londonderry is done by the firm of W. F. Bigger, founded as far back as 1844. Its buildings cover two acres, with a handsome frontage on Foyle Street, the leading business thoroughfare.

The pigs are purchased dead. Buyers visit the market towns within a radius of about eighty miles, including the counties of Antrim, Derry, Tyrone, Donegal, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Leitrim. In these markets they purchase the dead carcasses of the pigs, which are brought in by the farmers of the surrounding districts. The number of pigs purchased by this firm sometimes reaches 2,500 per week, while on an average about 60,000 pigs per annum are cured on its premises.

In the process of curing, ordinary salt and saltpetre are the agents employed during the winter. In summer, refrigerators and ice are used in addition, large quantities of ice being imported direct from Norway. The cured meats are then sent by the firm to all parts of the world.

Ship-building The ship-building trade of Londonderry is, comparatively speaking, a new one. It is at present carried on by the Londonderry Ship-building and Engineering Company. In its yard a

The Maiden City : Londonderry Past and Present

previous proprietor built about twenty-five ships, the largest having a tonnage of 3,318. The premises of the company cover an area of eight acres. They contain four building berths, capable of taking ships up to 500 ft. in length. Close to the yard there is a graving dock 314 ft. long by 50 ft. wide. Though the company only commenced its operations in February, it is now building for a Liverpool firm a steamer of 6,000 tons, and, when I was there, was laying down another of more than 2,000 tons. It also does a large amount of repairs to ships coming into port.

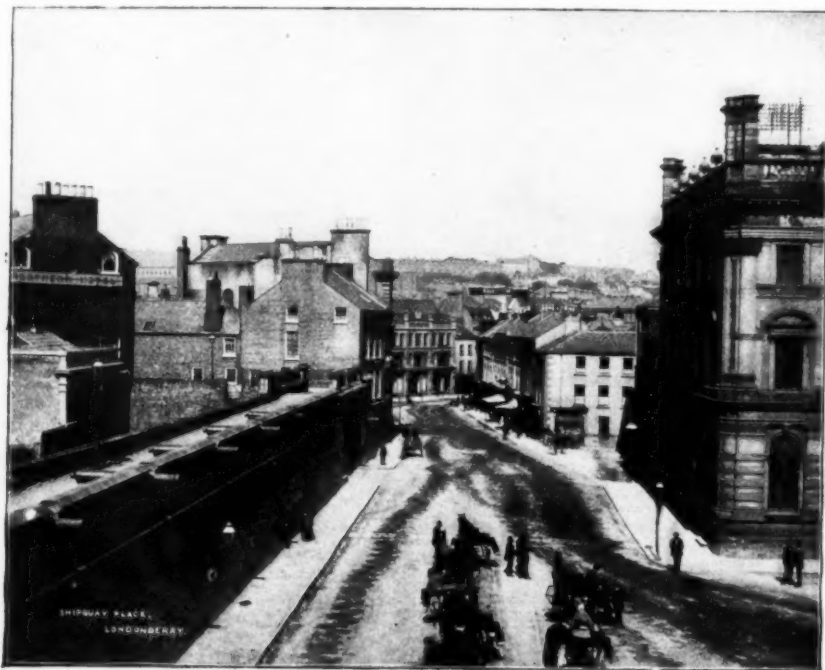
There is no reason why there should not be a prosperous future before the Londonderry Ship-building Company. Its launching-ground is exceptionally good. In mid-channel at low water there is a depth of 27 ft. The Clyde ship-building yards have only 18 ft. at low water. There is also in the Foyle a good drift, a matter of great importance in launching a vessel.

Church, Colleges, and Schools. Londonderry is rich in religious, educational, and charitable institutions. Its historic Protestant Cathedral will ever be a centre of interest—associated as it is not only with

the memoirs of the siege, but with such honoured names as those of the present Archbishop of Armagh (Bishop of Derry from 1867 to 1896) and its present bishop, Dr. G. A. Chadwick. There are, besides, three other Episcopal Churches, seven Presbyterian, three Roman Catholic (including St. Eugene's Cathedral), one Congregational, and two Wesleyan Churches.

Magee College, finely situated on a hill overlooking the river, has a fully equipped undergraduate course open to students of both sexes, in connection with the Royal University of Ireland, and a theological department for students for the Presbyterian ministry. Among its professors have been Dr. Richard Smyth, M.P., who was one of the chief promoters of the Irish Sunday-Closing Bill; Dr. Thomas Witherow, author of "Derry and Enniskillen," "Aughrim and the Boyne"; and Dr. Thomas Croskery, a frequent contributor to the leading theological and other reviews.

Foyle College, which is an intermediate or grammar school for the Protestant youth of all denominations; Gwyn's Charitable Institution, for the education and maintenance of orphan boys of the humbler classes; the Roman Catholic Diocesan Seminary,



From a photograph by]

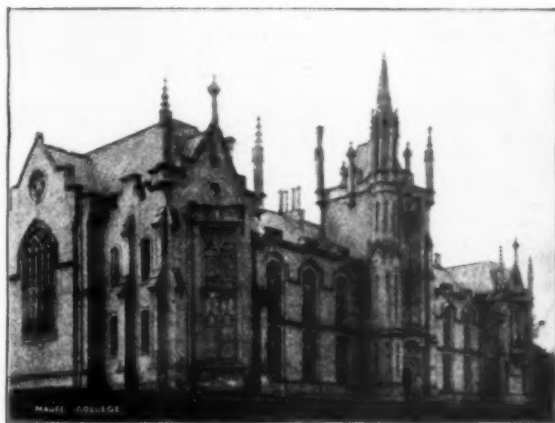
SHIPQUAY PLACE, LONDONDERRY

[Apton, Londonderry

The Maiden City: Londonderry Past and Present



BOMBHELL IN PORCH OF CATHEDRAL,
LONDONDERRY



From a photograph]

MAGEE COLLEGE

[by Frank Cophlan,
Londonderry

and the Christian Brothers' Schools, are among the other educational institutions of Londonderry.

Modern Derry has far outgrown the limits of the city of the siege. It is a prosperous and progressive city. With a daily steamer to and from Glasgow, and steamers frequently to Liverpool and Morecambe, it is easily accessible from England or Scotland. To walk around its walls, to meet with its kindly people, and to explore the beauties of its surrounding country, will well repay the tourist.

C. H. I.

A Dramatist of Montenegro

PRINCE NIKITA of Montenegro, perhaps the man of most powerful personality in the Balkan Peninsula, is a poet of no mean rank. As befits a princely poet he sings the fame of his own land, the fame which has been so gloriously won in long struggles against the Turkish oppressor. Quite recently the Prince has written a drama, an ambitious effort, entitled the "Balkan Queen." The plot of this piece is something as follows: Ivan Bey, the ruler of Montenegro, sends one of his sons, Stanko, to assist the Albanians in their war against the Othmans. Stanko is ambitious, and the Turkish commander, knowing this, tempts him with offers of high place and power in the Sultan's service if he forsakes the Albanians. Stanko hesitates and is lost. He is detected as a traitor. An old soldier of his tribe reminds him of his duty as a soldier. Stanko kills his monitor and flies to the Turks.

But his bride, who is loyal, like all theatre *fiancées*, refuses to accompany him. They curse one another and part. Stanko becomes a pasha and leads a Turkish army against Montenegro. He is defeated and left wounded on the field. His bride, Danitsa, gives him water and recognises him. There is a prolonged and painful scene between them, Danitsa finally declaring that she loves him though she hates his life. Turkish soldiers then appear and carry away their wounded commander, and Danitsa is left addressing a swift-flowing stream: "O Moratsha, O wild stream, bear me to the waters of Scutari; bear me to meet my beloved." She flings herself into the Moratsha and is carried away. In its French dress, from which we have taken this description of Prince Nikita's tragedy, the verses are stilted, raw, uncouth, but not without dignity and strength.—M. A. M.

Brother Felix



THE Dnieper near Kherson is not a lovely river. The country through which it flows is flat and sedgy and swarms with mosquitoes. The houses along the banks have all a sordid aspect that must seriously depress anyone unused to the dreary monotony of Russian landscape. The town of Kherson slopes in a gradual ascent up from the Dnieper, and straggles in squalid streets away out on the steppe, the streets deep in blinding acrid dust in summer, and deeper with malodorous mud in winter and spring. If you are in search of sights that interest you, you find none. You feel a faint ripple of astonishment, rather than of interest, when suddenly outside the town you come upon a mean monument erected over the grave of John Howard, philanthropist. The jail is quite close, a square squat, forbidding building, where he caught his fatal illness. Not one man in ten thousand knows where Howard is buried, and you feel yourself in possession of valuable special knowledge.

Felix Tushkin with his wife and four children occupy a small whitewashed cottage just outside the town and within sight of the jail and the Howard monument. There is a small railed-in garden in front, where a few coarse flowers grow among cabbages and melons, and where Felix has built a rude summer-house into which the whole family squeezes itself on summer evenings to drink tea. Felix is a Jack of all trades, and hires himself out as house decorator and paperhanger in summer, and as oven-builder in winter. His wife looks after a couple of cows, and she and the two little girls have a standing place in the open bazaar in the centre of the town, where, surrounded by their earthenware jars of milk and cream and a few water-melons and sunflower-seeds out of the garden, they wait for the custom of the townspeople. Felix is a fairly flourishing man now. He is thrifty. Marya, besides, is a good manager, and during the last three or four years they

have put away a few roubles between the mattresses of the bed.

But it is of an incident in his past career that I wish to speak—indeed, the only incident in it, for it has been a life little disturbed by excitement or adventure. It was nine years ago, and Felix had just married his Marya. Felix, then as now, enjoyed a great reputation in the community as a luminous expounder of passages of Scripture of a more difficult character. If one of the brethren, poring over the dark prophesyings of Ezekiel or Daniel, or the wonderful vision of John, came upon a passage more than usually obscure he singled out Felix to guide him through the maze. My own intercourse with Felix never gave me the impression that he really possessed the marvellous exegetical powers attributed to him. I have a sort of suspicion that he trusted much to the inspiration of the moment. Marya was a gentle, retiring creature who led the assembly in their praise. Her voice was famed all the country over, and peasants of the Orthodox Church, who had otherwise no sympathy with Stundism, were attracted to the services when Marya sang. It was quite an event, therefore, when these two joined hands for better or worse. The wedding drew scores of Stundists from parts of the province far distant from Kherson, and for three days there was almost one continuous service in Preacher Mikhailoff's cottage, when Felix expounded passage after passage about Ezekiel's Four Living Creatures or the Seven Angels of the Apocalypse for the enlightenment of the brethren, and Marya sang them her favourite hymns.

Now up till that time—this was in 1890—the Stundists of Kherson had enjoyed comparative immunity from persecution; but blow after blow, unexpected and ruthless, began suddenly to fall upon them. Their meetings were prohibited by the police; Preacher Mikhailoff was arrested and, without trial of any sort, deported to a remote province on the Siberian frontier; five of the brethren who had been in the habit of holding meetings in their houses were arbitrarily fined; and a number of others were punished with various terms of

Brother Felix

imprisonment. The entire community was terror-stricken and disorganised. Only one man, Felix, kept his head. He had hitherto

did not possess a copeck of his own. He was a young and ignorant peasant, without powerful friends on whose support he could



"YOUR NAMES?" HE DEMANDED

escaped punishment, and he determined to do something for his brethren in trouble.

But how? To whom should he turn for assistance and advice? At that time he

rely. He and Marya talked the situation over, and together they came to the conclusion that this persecution under which God's children were suffering was the work

Brother Felix

of evil men, and that the great Tsar on his throne knew nothing of it. Together they would go to St. Petersburg and fall at the foot of the throne, and after imploring forgiveness for their temerity they would beg for some alleviation of the condition of the brethren in bonds and trouble.

They did not discuss the matter with their friends. They made their simple preparations. With a wallet strapped on his back containing provisions, and with a bundle of clothes on her shoulders, Felix and Marya left Kherson to present a petition to the Tsar of all the Russias. It was fine autumn weather and they soon walked the forty miles to Nicolaieff, the nearest railway station. Felix had no definite purpose in making for the railway, as he had no money to pay railway fares, but somehow he had the idea that distances all seemed shorter from a railway station. They wandered about in Nicolaieff for some days, and then decided to tramp along the line towards Kharkoff—it would be the shortest way. After six days' walking they arrived at a place where a large party of engineers and labourers were repairing a subsidence in the road. Felix asked for work for a few days so that he might earn something for provisions, and the overseer, noticing that he was an intelligent man, gave him a gang of navvies to superintend. Marya also was in request, and she washed the engineers' linen and cooked their soup. But although things were now going smoothly Felix never forgot the object of his journey, and he determined to push on. One of the engineers, a kindly fellow, obtained for him and Marya a free pass to Kharkoff. Felix was overjoyed at this kindness, and he and Marya kissed the hands of their benefactor in their impulsive Russian way.

When Felix visited the brethren in Kharkoff they tried to dissuade him from his quixotic enterprise, but he had set his face as a flint and was immovable. Reserving three or four roubles for necessities, he bought tickets to Kursk. They had been gradually working northward, and it was now growing cold. They had left home ill provided for an austere northern winter, but they never lost hope or courage even when the first snows fell on their thin clothes. From Kursk they walked to Orel, and from Orel to Moscow. This is easily written, but it is impossible to convey an idea of the toil and weariness of that long tramp, of the dreadful weeks of suffering and privation. In Orel Marya was

so exhausted and worn, and her feet so covered with wounds, that she was obliged to go to the hospital. Felix now and again on the road had managed to find an odd job of work at which he could save a few copecks.

Arrived in Moscow, three months after leaving home, they took a long rest. Both of them needed it. Marya was still weak and worn to a shadow; Felix was frost-bitten in face and fingers and toes. They found work here such as they could do, and living most sparingly they were again able to save a little. So critical was Marya's condition that Felix was anxious to stay in Moscow until the spring, but the evening after they had almost made up their minds to remain a police official visited their lowly lodgings.

"Your names?" he demanded, producing his note-book.

"Felix and Marya Tushkin, if it please your Highborn."

"Business?"

"Paperhanger and oven-builder."

"Business in Moscow?"

"Travelling through to St. Petersburg."

The petty official—he was in the lowest ranks of the police—looked sternly at the two quaking figures before him, ignoring Felix's repeated obeisances.

"Why to St. Petersburg? Where are you from?"

"From Kherson, your Highborn. We wish to present a petition."

"Show me the petition."

"It is for our Lord the Tsar."

The policeman drew back. He was afraid.

"I don't believe you," he said; "you must come to the prefect to-morrow at mid-day. He will cross-examine you, I can tell you. No subterfuges for him. You have been here a fortnight. We know all about you. The Tsar does not live here." He kicked a lump of melting snow which he had brought in on his boots into the corner and departed, leaving Felix and Marya deeply bowing.

Felix was alarmed, and, fearing if he went to the prefect he would be sent back to Kherson, was far on the great northern road at the time the policeman had appointed for the interview with his superior.

It was now the middle of January and the cold was intense. Along the desolate snow roads they struggled. Sometimes the peasants in the villages were kind to them, giving them shelter and food; sometimes

Brother Felix

the driver of a country sledge going in their direction gave them a lift for a few versts. After terrible suffering they reached Tver at last, but Marya, who for months had been struggling against her growing weakness, totally collapsed and laid down with typhoid fever. It was an agonising time for poor Felix. She was carried in a sledge to the hospital, but as she was unable to pay anything for attendance she was shamefully neglected. Felix waited in Tver until his wife was a little better, but the doctor told him it was madness to think of asking her to accompany him farther. So man and wife thought and talked the matter over, and it was finally agreed that Marya should remain in Tver and try to find some employment, and that Felix should go on alone to the northern capital.

The long north road at last came to an end. Across the desolate wastes of snow Felix saw on the remote horizon the golden domes of the great city on the Neva. A few days more, he thought, and it will be Easter Sunday. The Tsar's heart and the hearts of his advisers will be softened at this time. They will remember "Khristos Voskres"—Christ is risen.

Sick and feverish, with burning eyes and blistered frostbitten face, he limped to a low waterside street where he found a wretched lodging. For a week he could not leave his room. His feet were swollen and raw, and it was torture to stand. But late in Easter week he began to make inquiries as to how to approach the Tsar. Everybody laughed at him. They knew better in St. Petersburg.

"Why, you fool, you can't get within a verst of our Lord," said one.

"If you did chance to get nearer, you would be arrested as a Nihilist and sent to Siberia," said another.

"Go back again to Kherson," said everybody who heard him.

This was very discouraging, but Felix had not yet lost heart. On the last day of Easter week he approached the huge building of the Ministry of the Interior. He had been told that he must apply there for permission to see the Tsar. In great awe he passed through the spacious warm halls where attendants and secretaries in grand liveries and uniforms lounged about or sat at tables. They stared at the gaunt lame man and said to one another that he was a "tchudak"—a strange fellow. A smart young official approached him, pulled out a scented handkerchief, waved it be-

tween him and Felix, and asked him his business.

Felix drew his precious petition from inside his coat and began laboriously to free it from its wrappings, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of the young secretaries.

"What is this?" asked the secretary, taking the paper gingerly between his finger and thumb.

"A petition for our Lord the Tsar," replied Felix with bated breath. "Will Highborn condescend to read it?"

"No," and he handed it back. "You can see the Minister next Wednesday. Go home and write a petition to be permitted to see the Minister. If the petition is a proper one and worded correctly his Excellency will see you on Wednesday. You can then tell him your business. Now go home, my good man," concluded the secretary, again bringing his handkerchief into play.

Poor Felix went back to his wretched lodgings, hope at last beginning to ebb. He threw himself on the wooden bench that served as his bed and wept like a child. The sailors and riverside sluts in the big common room next to his heard his sobs and ceased their coarse merriment.

In the afternoon he hobbled about with his sore feet all over the city, gazing with fascinated eyes at the splendid cathedrals and churches and at the magnificent palaces of Tsars, grand dukes, and princes. It was late when he returned. He heard some one follow him into his room. He turned round. The landlord carried a candle, and by his side was a man in the familiar uniform of a police official.

"You are Felix Tushkin from Kherson?" asked the official.

"At your service, Highborn."

"We have heard from Kherson about you. Now my orders are to tell you to leave St. Petersburg to-morrow for Moscow. In Moscow you will report yourself to the police and receive further instructions."

"But why? What have I done? I wish to see the Tsar. I have to see the Minister next Wednesday. I have a petition for our Lord."

"Listen, little brother," said the policeman, not unkindly; "you had better go. Queer times these. Get away as fast as possible, or it may go badly with you."

Felix left St. Petersburg next morning, and in due time reached Tver. His faith-

Brother Felix

ful Marya joined him, and on foot they tramped back to Moscow. But there was spring in the air now and the road did not seem so long. In Moscow the police detained him a month, but permitted him to seek work. They travelled by rail to Kharkoff, and here the brethren lent him sufficient to take him and his wife back to Kherson. He was glad to see the blue Dnieper again. He had been absent just eleven months.

He found affairs at home much as he had left them. Poor fellow! he had done nothing to mend them. He had done his best, and failed. So, looking the inevitable in the face, and with much of the old hope

and courage crushed for ever, Felix and Marya settled down on the outskirts of the town just opposite the Howard monument, and within sight of the jail where one or two of the brethren were confined, and began to do their duty in a quiet, unassuming way. His favourite story to his children and friends in the long winter evenings is about that terrible journey which he once took to St. Petersburg, and the wonderful sights of the city. If you are a particular and reliable friend he will show you the petition, now yellow with age and dirty with much handling, but still a document of much interest.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

"There's a World that sets this One Right"

TO THE MEMORY OF ONE I LOVED

TAKE heart, oh, my brother, do not despair,

Though the iron enter into your soul;
Though life be little but trouble and care,

Though defeat be the word writ across the whole:

Plant your foot down firm, step out in the dark,

Present a brave front to ill-fortune's tide;
Set your shoulders square, make straight for your mark,

And never forget, though the worst betide,
There's a World that sets this one right.

Write those words in scroll on your banner brave,

Though from dusk to dawn stretch your fret and pain,

And the legend fair on your blade engrave

That seeing you may take courage again.

And should cynics scoff, and should sceptics sneer,

Then hold out your badge, point up to your crest,

And cry out: What matter how things go here!

This life is not all, 'tis brief at the best,
And another sets this world right.

Though dread Death has marched with you
pace by pace

Till your last has gone and you're left alone,
Till of those that were there remains no trace,

No living voice gives reply to your own.

Nay, tho' worse has chanced, and those held most dear,

With their love forgot, stand apart, estranged,
And no word from you may e'er make things clear,

Still a day will dawn when all shall be changed

In the World that sets this one right.

Though the promise of youth has passed away,
Though your prime be spent and yet nothing done,

Though the noon-tide ebb and the years grow grey,

Though old age loom near yet no guerdon won:
Still do not despair, though you're thus bereft,
The great Right will not a great wrong permit;

Though you much have missed you have something left—

For such case as yours was that blest word writ,

There's a World that sets this one right.

C. SUTCLIFFE.

A British Painter's Travels in the Last Century



THOMAS BARKER, OF BATH

NOT every visitor to the National Gallery feels his interest strongly drawn to the pictures of British painters whose works may be said to have covered the period which commenced about the time of Gainsborough's death, and extended some thirty years or more into the present century. But nobody who has really studied the Gallery has neglected this very important epoch in our national art. Prominent among the works of this period are the landscapes with rustic figures by Thomas Barker of Bath.

Although this paper only proposes to treat of Thomas Barker's student days, and especially of his travels in Italy in the years

1790-3, a short biographical introduction to the subject may not be out of place here.

Thomas Barker was born in 1769 at a village near Pontypool in Monmouthshire. His father, Benjamin Barker, also a painter, was a man whose career was too extraordinary for him to be passed over with the mere mention of his name. The younger of two sons, he was educated for the Bar. On his succeeding, however, to landed property near Newark-on-Trent, his passion for the turf, with the now increased facilities for its indulgence, at length involved him in complete ruin. At about the age of forty he

A British Painter's Travels in the Last Century

had to face the necessity of working for a livelihood. It was too late to return to the law. While considering what he had better try to do, some chance led him into Wright's Picture Gallery at Derby, which in the last century had something more than a local reputation. Pictures of horses were there which greatly interested him, and for the first time in his life he had a longing to paint. The feeling took such possession of him that there was no resisting it. He set to work with the brush, and soon became an animal painter of no mean ability. But for the rest of his life his lot was cast in difficult ways. He was painting "tea-boards" at Pontypool when his son Thomas was born. There was quite a fashionable rage for these "boards" a hundred and thirty years ago, and Pontypool was the chief place where they were turned out of hand.¹

Near the house where the child spent his earliest years was a stream that ran through a bed of red clay, and while playing with this clay after the wont of children he soon began to model figures with such truth as to leave no doubt in his father's mind that his son's career would be an artistic one.

Thomas Barker was about six years old when his family left Monmouthshire and took ship for Bristol, hoping to improve their fortunes in the ancient Western city; but death was waiting there to snatch one of the wanderers. It was a dark and stormy night when they arrived, and they had hardly landed when the youngest child fell into the river and was drowned. Such was the opening of a fresh chapter of life!

The family soon moved from Bristol to Bath. Here the boy Thomas Barker was allowed to amuse himself by drawing, which was his greatest pleasure, and at the age of nine he produced small paintings of figures and animals which attracted attention.

Among the first to notice his talent was a Bath citizen, Charles Spackman, a man of means, and an enthusiastic admirer of the fine arts. With the consent of the boy's father he took complete charge of the young artist, saw to his general education, and made him copy from the old masters. By the agreement entered into, all pictures painted during seven years were to become the absolute property of Spackman.

¹ "—who in my boyish days would admire a bleeding heart cherry painted upon a Pontypool tea-board."
—"Nollekins and his Times," by John Thomas Smith, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum.

Barker was not nineteen years of age when he produced a picture which became almost immediately famous, and which was destined to be copied probably more than any other work by a British artist in the last century. This was "The Woodman," which has met English eyes on the lids of Amsterdam snuff-boxes, and on the sign-boards of Continental inns. At that early period Barker was much under the influence of Gainsborough, and his first "Woodman," painted at the age of sixteen, was admittedly after Gainsborough's "Woodman in a Storm"; but the other work was from nature, and the woodman who stood for it, then an old man, lived far into the next century, and died at the age of 101. The picture was engraved by Bartolozzi, and its first purchaser was Mr. Macklin, of the Post's Gallery in Fleet Street, who paid 500 guineas for it. This was an extraordinary sum for a painting to fetch in those days. Gainsborough did not set a higher value than 100 guineas on his "Woodman in a Storm," which was burnt together with other art-treasures in Lord Gainsborough's house.

The London papers of the period spoke of a wonderfully gifted youth who had appeared in Bath, and bestowed upon him exaggerated and dangerous praise like the following:

"So extensive are his powers that he imitates all the ancients and excels all the moderns in their own style."

This early success went far to enable the young painter to realise his greatest desire, which was to go to Italy and continue his studies on that classic ground of art.

It was in the spring of 1790 that Thomas Barker, then in his twenty-first year, sailed from Bristol in a ship bound for Leghorn. He took with him a travelling carriage, and he was accompanied by a fellow student, Charles Hibbert, an engraver. The vessel put into Barcelona, where she stayed for a week or two, and this gave the students an opportunity of seeing something of Catalonia.

After their arrival at Leghorn, the students passed on to Florence, travelling in the carriage which was brought from England. They stayed several months in the "marble city," passing most of their time in the famous palaces, especially in the Palazzo Pitti. It would seem that they left Florence late in the year 1790, for they there negotiated with Mr. Jenkins, an English banker

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at Rome, respecting the means of obtaining the necessary papers for passing the Gate of Rome without having their things overhauled by the Customs officers, whose rascalities made them the terror of travellers in Italy at that time. Mr. Jenkins informed the artists that:

"To peers of the realm only permission is given to enter the Pope's State and the Gate of Rome without any visit. To gentlemen travellers (not peers) there is no exception whatever. To avoid being visited on the confines, they are by permission suffered to pass the gate without being examined, but the officers of the Custom House go to their lodgings and visit their baggage, the expense attending which is from £15 to £20."



From Sketches of 1790-3

The travellers were advised not to apply for this passport, but to submit to the examination, the expense of which would be only a few pauls, the Custom House of Rome being "very easy." These details are given because they have now some historic interest. While the papers I have before

me have been turning yellow, and the ink upon them has been growing faint or rusty, the political face of Europe has been remodelled, and prodigious changes have taken place in the conditions of travel.

There were not many English art students in Rome in 1790-91, but when Thomas Barker arrived, Flaxman had been living there five or six years. They soon became intimate. Flaxman being the elder, and having had already considerable experience of Italy and of the schools, was of great assistance to the young artist. Barker

brought back to England an antique vase, which was the gift of Flaxman, and it was not until the death of the latter that the friendship formed in Rome was broken. While they were together in Italy, they drew up in concert a curious set of rules for a society of English art students in Rome, which they were instrumental in founding. The members met at supper the first Saturday in every month, and Flaxman was secretary. Happy days were those, free from the care of mature age, and without even a suspicion of the deepening gloom to follow in the case of more than one of these students.

Here is a very yellow and damp-stained scrap of paper among many more such, which my grandfather brought from Italy and carefully preserved. It is a printed "List of English artists residing in Rome in the year 1793." His own name does not appear on it. He must have been staying in some other place—perhaps Naples—when it was printed. The following are the names and the "professions" of these artists according to the list: DAY (miniature), DEARE (sculpture), DURNO (history), FAGAN (portrait), FLAXMAN (sculpture), FOULIS (history and portrait), FREARSON (history), E. GARVEY, R.A. (landscape), GRIGNON (history and portrait), HADFIELD (architecture), HEAD (history), HIBBERT (engraving), HEWETSON (sculpture), HOWARD (history and portrait), MORE (landscape), NEVAY (history), PYE (history), ROBINSON (history), ROUBY (portrait), SANDYS (landscape), F. SANDYS (architecture), SMITH (history), THEED (history).

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Considering that the year was that of the great Revolution, twenty-three British artists at Rome must perhaps be regarded as a very fair number. Very curious are some of the indications of residence set against the names. For example, Flaxman's residence is given: "Strada Felice, over the coffee house," and Deare's "Near the Piazza Berberini going to S. Nicolo di Tolentino on the left hand." Richard Westmacott is not mentioned in this list,

but no matter of doubt came towards him, looked at his work and entered into conversation with him. When he discovered that the young man was an Englishman he seemed very pleased, and exclaimed: "Why, I am an Englishman, and I take great interest in all that concerns my countrymen." He admired the sketches that were shown him, and Barker had further opportunities of meeting the last male representative of the Stuarts, who left upon him the



From Sketches of 1790-3

but he was a young student at Rome at the same time as my grandfather, and they became very intimate. The friendship was kept up many years in England.

Among other acquaintances made by Thomas Barker during his stay in Rome was the "Cardinal York." It happened in this way. The artist was sketching somewhere in the suburbs when he saw a carriage stop at a little distance, and then a venerable ecclesiastic whose rank could

impress him as being a man of most benevolent mind and a great lover of the arts.

Sketching in the Campagna at all hours of the day, notwithstanding the warnings of those whom experience had made wiser, brought at length the predicted punishment in the form of a tertian ague, and the artist was laid at death's door by the disease.

In the spring of 1792 Barker went to Naples, but before entering the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies he had to obtain a pass-

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port from the King's representative at the Court of Rome. At Naples the artist met Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador who had just married Mrs. Hart, who is described in a letter from Spackman as "a very accomplished lady." A few years later all Europe was made familiar with the name of this "accomplished lady" by its association with one far more glorious—Nelson. While on this tour Barker made many sketches of the people and scenery of Calabria, careful studies of the ruined temples of Paestum and of the sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum, little imagining, however, what artistic treasures lay hidden beneath the volcanic ashes and which were destined to be revealed to other eyes.

Pedestrian Adventures

While his headquarters were at Rome he made frequent tours in the rural districts, sometimes on foot and sometimes with *vetturini*. Finding that the travelling carriage was what would be called nowadays a "white elephant," he sold it in Rome. On one of these pedestrian tours he was accompanied by Hibbert, who, however, generally preferred to "fag at Rome with his acqua tinta." An unpleasant experience which befell them was not of the kind to encourage the young engraver to accompany his friend on any more such rambles. While passing through a wild and thinly populated district, they sought shelter one night in a wretched lonely inn. After going to bed they were disturbed by the growling of a very fine and courageous dog named Amor which my grandfather brought with him from England. As the animal could not be quieted, the tinder-box was used, and by the glimmer of their rushlight the travellers perceived the dog sniffing in a very strange manner at the wall, while with bristling hair he continued to growl. That part of the wainscoting which appeared to interest the dog so deeply was carefully examined, with the result that a low door opening into a closet was discovered. Here, apparently pushed away in haste, was a human body. The two Englishmen succeeded in getting out of the place unobserved and passed the rest of the night in the open air. The dog Amor made himself very much disliked in Italy by his extreme liveliness, and he was stabbed several times, once by a monk.

The painter was accompanied on another walking tour by a young Irishman of good fortune, named Butler. After being several

hours without food they joyfully entered a small country inn from which issued a most savoury combination of odours that raised great expectations. But their expression quickly changed when they were told by the landlord that all the roasting, boiling, and frying was for a wedding party, and that nothing could be spared for others. Thereupon Butler, who had a strong turn for comedy, and who like a true Hibernian was always ready for an adventure that might end in a scrimmage, feigned the mad



From Sketches of 1790-3

Englishman, and caused such a scare in the place by his antics that when he seized a well-browned turkey by the spit on which it was turning before the fire and rushed off with it, the people were not sorry to be rid of such a dangerous fellow at the price. Barker stayed to express regret that his companion was subject to occasional fits of frenzy, during which he needed very careful management, and having paid for the stolen bird, he joined Butler, who was not far off, and who was mightily pleased with the success of his ruse. They

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found a quiet spot, where they dined upon the bridal turkey and then continued their journey.

We now come to the momentous year 1793. The events that were passing in Paris with such dramatic rapidity threw the whole of Europe into an extraordinary state of nervous excitement. The air was thick with tales of horror and rumours of war. In a letter dated February 18, and addressed to Barker, who was still in Rome, Mr. Spackman said: "Recruiting parties are beating up and down, and every preparation is making for war; but as I am a man of peace I hope for peace." He added: "I need not remind you of making all the studies you can from nature and the antique." In another letter written in August he advised the artist to leave Rome quickly, to return by Venice and Bologna, so as to see the pictures there, and to cross the Alps before the winter set in.

Thomas Barker with his two friends Hibbert and Turner left Rome in October, 1793, their plan being to make a brief sojourn in several Italian cities on their way home, then to take the road through the Tyrol and Germany so as to avoid France, which was now anything but a safe country for Englishmen to travel in. For this journey in Italy they made contracts with *vetturini*, some of which are preserved. The dog Amor accompanied the carriage on foot, and as he could not be prevailed upon to ride his master had leather shoes made for him to protect his paws from the hard roads. The animal was, however, lost about one hundred miles from Rome.

Barker kept a diary of his "Journey from Rome towards England in 1793," in which he rapidly noted down his impressions of the country he passed through, and of the pictures that pleased him most at Florence, Bologna, Venice, and elsewhere. This journey of a young artist in Italy more than a hundred years ago acquires a peculiar interest from all the changes, consequent upon the long period of convulsion, spoliation, ransacking, and general disturbance of things which began with the invasion of the peninsula by the French; but a few extracts will suffice here. The opening notes show how much better the old manner of road travelling was for study and observation than our railway rushing, whose tendency is to bring the attention to bear only on central points.

From Rome
to Florence

"Tuesday morning, October 22, 1793, I left Rome with Butler and Hibbert. At eleven we arrived at Castel Nuova, where we stayed a couple of hours. At two we continued our journey and arrived before sunset at Curta Castellana, distant thirty-seven miles from Rome, where we reposed ourselves that night at an osteria—not one of the best.

"October 23.—At daybreak we continued our route. The whole face of the country from Narni to Terni is one of the most picturesque I ever saw. At Narni we saw the remains of a bridge of Augustus built of large blocks of marble. Made two sketches of it. We returned to our coach, and arrived at Terni in the evening.

"October 24.—In the morning we left with a cicerone, who provided us with two asses only, as a third was not to be got, to view the cascade called Caduta delle Marmore. Three miles from Terni we left the asses at a picturesque village, Papinia, then proceeded on foot. It is impossible to convey an idea of the grandeur of the scene. . . . In the afternoon we returned to our inn much fatigued. The next morning (the 25th) we sallied forth in search of a coffee-house, which we soon got directed to. Coffee was immediately brought by an honest-looking dame, who modestly demanded three times the usual price of it, but we had been too long acquainted with the country to submit to so gross an imposition. . . . In the evening we entered Foligno and took up our night's lodging at a most wretched inn. We were much diverted by the curious head-dress of the country women of this place, which consists of a large piece of cloth that forms a square on the head, then falls below the hip. It has much the appearance of a board at a distance. It was with great difficulty that I got to make a sketch of one. With much persuasion a woman was brought to me of at least seventy years of age.

"October 26.—Continued our journey, and arrived about four or five o'clock at Perugia. We employed the remainder of the day in looking at the works of Perugino, which are to be seen in most of the churches. His best picture is in the S. Pietro belonging to the Benedictines. In the church of S. Francesco are many pictures by Raffaele. . . . The next day (27th) we passed by the beautiful lake of Perugia, of which we made sketches. Continuing our journey we arrived at a small village on the borders of the Papal States, where our baggage underwent an examination. Late in the evening we arrived at Mount Raca. This day we had the misfortune to lose five hats which were in a box behind the carriage. The next morning (28th) we departed for Florence, where we arrived the same day."

The journey therefore from Rome to Florence took seven days, and according to a note in one diary the distance calculated by way of Perugia was two hundred and three miles.

The journal so far as it relates to Florence is confined to critical remarks on the paintings there. On November 4, the travellers left for Bologna, "the road lying for the most part over the Apennines and in many places very bad." Among the papers belonging to this period is a passport granted by John Augustus Lord Harvey, "Envoy

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Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty to the Court of Tuscany," in which the post-masters, among others, are requested to lend all necessary assistance to the travellers. It is in the French language, and is stamped not only with the British arms, but also with those of Lord Harvey. So we see that even things implying so much conservatism as passports change a good deal in a hundred years.

Bologna was reached on November 6. Thomas Barker observes of the public buildings of this city that "they are generally in a bad style," but he adds that "the number of churches is almost incredible, and in most of them are fine pictures." The journal contains many critical notes on the works of art here. Speaking of the paintings by Guido, L. Caracci, and some other masters in the cloisters of S. Michele in Bosco, the young artist deplors the neglect with which this magnificent collection was treated, and especially the vandalism of those who "mischievously pick and deface and commit a thousand outrages on works worthy of immortality." In his general remarks on Bologna, he says: "It is astonishing that engraving has not made the least progress since the days of the Caracci." He goes on to observe that prints are much the taste of the day, and that extensive engraving of the works of the old masters would be likely to prove profitable. He did not foresee what the then undiscovered art of photography was destined to do in this direction, nor that before the close of the next century engraving would be in danger of becoming a lost art.

The Vetturini on November 11, and proceeded to Venice by the roundabout way of Modena and Parma. The journal is not continued after Venice, but a record of further travel in Italy is given in contracts with *vetturini*. These scraps of

paper, written over with Italian, tell their story of bygone life and manners. In the first place they show in what complete distrust the *vetturini* must have been held by travellers in the last century. Every understanding with them was set down in writing, and it is amusing to note with what care the possibility of a dispute was provided for. A *vetturino* who was engaged to drive the three Englishmen from Roveredo to Augusta—a journey that was reckoned to take seven days—undertook to provide them every night with supper and a separate bed each. When the carriage was stopped at midday to give the horses a rest, he had to supply fire and also "boiling water to make tea," but no food. This mention of tea makes one wonder a little, for, much as the habit of tea-drinking has spread since the year of the French Revolution, the beverage is not one that three young men on their travels to-day would be likely to regard as indispensable.

Returning to England by Germany, Thomas Barker settled at Bath, then regarded by many as the "English Athens," and which really was an important artistic centre. It was not until he had outlived most of the friends of his youth that he realised the mistake of such a close attachment to a provincial city. In 1837 he wrote:

"I believe London is after all the place for the encouragement of the fine arts, and this appears to be the commencement of a fortunate era for them. Our young Queen seems to have all the disposition for their advancement. Several of our artists received the honour of knighthood at her last levée—Callecott, and my old friend Westmacott, and one or two others."

Thomas Barker nevertheless remained at Bath, and in 1849 he died in the house which was designed for him by his friend Sir Joseph Gandy, B.A., and on one of the walls of which he painted in 1824 his fresco, thirty feet in length and twelve feet in height, the "Massacre of the Sciotes."

E. HARRISON BARKER.

London from Aloft¹

(as seen from the Monument)

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author



THE MONUMENT—OUTSIDE

THERE are many stone columns in the world taller and more ornate than London's Monument, but none from which a more interesting view may be obtained. From its top, one beholds a panorama of the world's largest city, where dwell "all sorts and conditions of men," from prince to pauper, from the gilded votary of

pleasure to the poverty-stricken apology for man. pleasure to the poverty-stricken apology for man. can see, stretches along the Thames until it fades into the horizon. Perhaps the sun may be shining upon great expanses of white canvas, drying or being furled, and there comes to us the thought of London's vast commerce. In our mind's eye we may behold oceans and seas covered by ships bound from or coming to the Port of London. "The men who go down to the sea in ships" have contributed perhaps more than anyone else to make London what it is; but, engaged as we are with London's many other attractive aspects, we are inclined to disregard, or overlook, them.

The view from the Houses of Parliament, or from the top of St. Paul's, brings to our minds conceptions of London as an art and literary centre, for the Abbey, the Kensington Museum, and the dome of the British Museum Library stand conspicuously out. To obtain an idea of an entirely different phase of London we must ascend the Monument. Here the commercial greatness is our most tangible impression: first the ships attract our eye; then the Tower Bridge, or *vice versa*; for in itself the Tower Bridge is the outcome of the enormous traffic between South and North London. Again, as we pass around the balcony, we see the roof of the Bank of England and that of the Royal Exchange, and London's prominence as a banking and trading centre is brought to the fore. Of course, St. Paul's is actually the most conspicuous object in the western view; but the graceful dome enters the picture almost in the nature of a benediction: it tells us that London, despite its banks and its exchanges, its ships and tall chimneys, is not all sordidness and thirst for gold.

Even from the cross of St. Paul's one does not see London; for, as "Hamlet" without Hamlet is no play, so the view of London which does not embrace a view of St. Paul's is no view at all. It is from the Monument, in my judgment, that the finest view of the great Cathedral may be obtained; and it is only from this objective point that a proper conception may be had of the Pool of London, Tower Bridge, and the Tower Hamlets.

Looking east from the balcony of the Monument on a fine, clear morning, possibly the most striking and suggestive object within the view is—not the Tower or the Tower Bridge—but, far beyond, the forest of ships' tall masts which, so far as the eye

As everyone knows, the Monument was built to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. The entire height of the shaft is 202 feet, which is just the distance from its base to Pudding Lane, where the fire broke out. The column was erected under Sir Christopher Wren's supervision, taking for its completion six years—from 1671 to 1677. It is composed of Portland stone,

¹ Copyright in the United States by W. B. Northrop.

London from Aloft

and is a structure of great strength and much grace. The interior of the Monument is fitted with a spiral staircase of 345 steps



THE MONUMENT—INSIDE

of black marble. A picture of these stairs is shown herewith, presenting a novel appearance, much resembling the inside of a great gun, the winding stairs looking like the "rifling" of the barrel. The difficulty in obtaining a good photograph of this

interior is almost insuperable. In the first place, there is very little light within the Monument; secondly, the two gas-jets near its base have no globes around them, and there is a constant draught blowing up, making the lights quiver, and throwing strange shadows over the photographing plate. The exposure, in this instance, was about three-quarters of an hour, though an hour would not have been too long. The photograph shows a view looking directly up the interior of the shaft, and was only obtained after many failures.

Many famous people have ascended the tedious flight of stairs shown in this picture. Addison, in No. 47 of "The Freeholder," thus describes his visit to the Monument:

"... We repaired to the Monument, where my fellow-traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this particular march that, upon joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers which were discernible from this advantageous situation. . . . We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people."

Sir Dudley North was wont to take great pleasure in going up to the top of the Monument and surveying the grand



LOOKING WEST—ST. PAUL'S, BOW CHURCH, G.P.O., ETC.

London from Aloft

prospect presented from the splendid height, and it will be remembered that John Hollingshead, the well-known writer, spent the entire night on the Monument, and has given us his impressions of what he saw in his work, "Under Bow Bells." Speaking of the stairs, it used to be considered quite a feat to run from the bottom to the top and then down again without pausing. In "Read's Weekly Journal," September 26, 1730, we find the passage :

"Last Thursday, a nimble little drawer at the Baptist Head Tavern in the Old Bailey ran up to the gallery on the top of the Monument and down again, for a considerable wager laid by some gentlemen frequenting the house. He had three minutes to do

tively, a Jewish diamond merchant, a boy fifteen years of age, and a servant girl. After the last fatality, in 1842, the gallery was encompassed by an iron cage which now renders the place perfectly safe.

It is truly surprising how vast a throng of people annually visit the Monument. In 1897 the number reached 50,706. As a charge of threepence is made for each person passing into the shaft, a very fair revenue is derived, £633 16s. 6d. being the figure for the year 1897. Then there is no little revenue from the sale of photographic albums and descriptive literature on London. The Monument is under the supervision of the committee for letting the City's lands.



LOOKING DOWN ON LONDON BRIDGE

it in ; but performed it in two minutes and a half and two seconds, which is looked upon as an extraordinary performance of the kind, and what not one in an hundred of the fraternity can do."

We also read of a sailor who in 1732 swung down from the top of the Monument by means of a rope, landing upon the Upper Three Tuns Tavern in Gracechurch Street, the performance occupying less than thirty seconds. The literature on the subject is full of many foolhardy and silly experiments of this kind. There is also a melancholy record of suicide and accident connected with the shaft. Six persons have thrown themselves from the top, and, strange to say, three of these were bakers, the other three being, respec-

One of the views herewith is taken looking directly down upon London Bridge. Many will be surprised at the narrowness of this structure and its plainness. As a matter of fact, London Bridge is one of the ugliest of those which span the Thames. It is utterly devoid of beauty, being utilitarian in the extreme. It is quite narrow as compared with Waterloo or Westminster Bridges, and its arched middle gives it an odd appearance. "As fine as London Bridge," the old proverb, has little meaning as applied to the modern structure. In early days, before 1750, it was *the* bridge across the Thames, and was very elaborate indeed. It had a gate-house at each end, and near the centre was a beautiful Gothic

London from Aloft

chapel. In Elizabeth's reign it was adorned with many beautiful and stately structures on each side, like a street, some of these houses having flat roofs, with fine gardens upon them. Near the drawbridge was the famous "Nonsuch House," four storeys, built of timber and covered with gilt. The history of London Bridge is most interesting. There Henry III was repulsed by De Montfort, 1264; by London Bridge Wat Tyler entered the city in 1381; in 1392 Richard II was welcomed on London Bridge with great ceremony; as was Henry V, in 1415. On the gatehouse of London Bridge Jack Cade's head was perched, a gruesome warning to "all scheming traitours"; and, indeed, London Bridge was often decorated in this horrible manner with other heads. Falconbridge, in 1477, attacked and set fire to the bridge; in 1554 it was the scene of some of the most stirring events of Wyatt's rebellion; its houses were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, but were rebuilt twenty years after, though in 1757 the houses were altogether removed, their places being taken by ordinary balustrades. In 1832 the old bridge was completely demolished, its site being occupied by the present structure, built from Sir John Rennie's designs, and opened in great state in 1831 by King William IV and Queen Adelaide. It cost £1,458,311.

Almost within the same view, turning a little toward the east, we see the Tower Bridge, one of the finest specimens of modern engineering, which has practically taken the place of London Bridge, though even to-day across the latter structure pass, every twenty-four hours, 20,000 carts and an average of 107,000 pedestrians.

Toward the east, from the Monument balcony the Tower of London is plainly seen. The annals of the Tower include the history of England, and space would not permit our giving even a bare summary of the facts. To the right of the Tower may be seen a large long white building in the corner of the photograph; this is the Royal Mint, where the coinage of the United Kingdom is produced. Trinity House—for the regulation of navigation—may also be seen, as well as the little garden on the top of Tower Hill. In the centre of the garden at Trinity Square is a small, black, stone slab marking the spot whereon stood the scaffold on which were executed Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, the Protector Somerset, John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Archbishop Laud, and many others; and here took place the last beheading in the United Kingdom, being that of Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747. Edmund Spenser was born near here in 1552; also William Penn, 1644. The view toward Tower Bridge also shows,



LOOKING EAST—TOWER BRIDGE, TOWER, SHIPS, MINT, TRINITY HOUSE, FISHMONGERS' HALL, ETC.

London from Aloft



LOOKING DOWN KING WILLIAM STREET—SHOREDITCH CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

looking directly down from the balcony, the roof of the famous "Fishmongers' Hall," the present structure being the third of that name on this site; it dates from 1830. In this district, in the early mornings, London is alive with the vendors of fish, their strange calls—which sound like any language but English—even ascending to the balcony. Very curious is it that, within the Monument, these cries make it sound as if the shaft were filled with many people passing up and down the stairs and talking loudly.

One of the best of the views shown herewith is that looking down King William Street. Here an idea of distance is given, for the spire of Shoreditch Church may be seen, as well as the gas-receiver beyond. In this view, however, the smoke from the tall chimneys Whitechapel-way obscures the view, even on exceptionally clear days.

Looking south from the Monument, the Crystal Palace may be plainly discerned. The outlook toward the west, showing the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and St. Thomas's Hospital, is very fine under certain atmospheric conditions; but the view in this direction is, of course, St. Paul's. Just east of the dome, about half-way between the Monument and the Cathedral, appears the spire of Bow Church, surmounted by its famous dragon; and a little

to the north may be seen the great grasshopper on the steeple of the Royal Exchange. It was predicted years ago by Mother Shipton that when the dragon of Bow Church and the grasshopper on the Royal Exchange came together there would be a great disaster in London. Both the dragon and the grasshopper, however, did meet, in 1861, in a repairing shop—but that year is free from any notable calamity to the city; perhaps this is the exception which emphasises the rule that Mother Shipton and such of her ilk are always right, at least, in the eyes of those who believe in omens and predictions.

"The lights of London" from the Monument at night are very beautiful. From the Isle of Dogs to Putney Bridge these lights may be seen, and their many reflections in the water add great brilliance to the effect. The brightest spot in the city is Piccadilly Circus. Seen from this distance, it looks all aglow, like the open door of a furnace.

By going aloft may one arrive at a proper conception of London's extent. It is only when the city has been viewed from the Monument, the top of St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and other high places, that we are able to form an idea of the vastness of "modern Babylon."

W. B. NORTHROP.

Sitka, Alaska

BY LINCOLN WILBAR



SITKA, ALASKA, WITH MOUNT EDGECOMB IN THE DISTANCE

IT seems to be an irrefragable fact that where a national government has its abiding-place, there you find the highest civilisation peculiar to that country—the concentration of national characteristics in their most perfect and agreeable form. This is true of Sitka, the Governmental town and naval station of Alaska. It is, beyond all local cavil, the Queen of Alaska "cities." Juneau is larger and more prosperous, also wetter, though she is not proud of the fact; Wrangell is more energetic; Killisnoo catches more fish and has a worse odour; but all and several yield to Sitka the palm in beauty of situation, social refinement, historical antiquity, and romantic traditions.

The old Russians chose their town site wisely, with an eye to comfort as well as to charm of environment. The town is situated on the north-western side of Baranoff Island, and lies in crescent shape on the shores of Sitka Bay—hidden away from the storms of the north and east, and protected from the gales of the south and west by scores of rocky, wooded islands, that break into spray the Pacific rollers. The sun smiles on Sitka in the summer, and the snows of winter make but fleeting visits there. From almost any point in the town one can look out between the islands and see the

ocean billows fret and fume, and hear the thud and throb as they annihilate themselves against the rocky barriers. Within the bay, however, all is quiet: the island guardians are faithful as they are picturesque, allowing no rude winds to wake the placid surface of the harbour.

With the exception of the segment cut from the island by the bay, Sitka is surrounded by mountains. There are mountains north and mountains east, sentinelled by Edgecomb; and between them and the town roll wooded lowlands, through which flows beautiful Indian River. From the centre of the town runs a gravelled road leading to Indian River Park, where, even in mid-winter, one can often walk without finding ice or snow—where one can hear the sparrows and blue-jays and magpies chirping overhead, can see the river winding its way through lanes of alders, and, peeping out between the spruce-trees that skirt the outer road, can see the tumbled waters of the Pacific.

Sitka itself has an almost mediæval flavour, charming to find in a country of physical barbarities and civilisation's crudities. Even the water one drinks there seems to taste of the Middle Ages and of the old aristocratic Russian families who made the place. They are gone now, most of them, departed to make room for

Sitka, Alaska

American enterprise, which is incompatible with the transplanted Slav temperament. For such as remain, the Greek Church is still a haven. It is almost the last souvenir of Russian occupation extant in Sitka. The huge log building, standing in the centre of the town, which was formerly the Russian trading post, is now degraded to the purposes of a general store. Famous old Baranoff Castle is gone (burned March 17, 1894). The Baranoffs, Chicagoffs, Kuprianoffs, and Kostrometenoffs are gone, or slowly disappearing. Everything is tradition. The stars and stripes float over the marine barracks on the hill; bugles and drums and signal guns wake the echoes of the mountains, and, despite its drowsiness, there is an unmistakable American air about Sitka. A Russian mission still flourishes there, however, largely for the spiritual benefit of the Indians, for whom the Russian priests have an almost parental concern; and even as late as 1897 the *genius loci* of the post-office was a Russian lady.

A peculiar phase of Sitka life cannot be better illustrated than by the repetition here of a story, the authenticity of which, however, is open to doubt. Nevertheless, it might be true, notwithstanding the fact that it comes from Juneau, a town which bears no love for Sitka. The story turns on the known propensity of Sitka people to run to the docks whenever the signal gun at

the barracks gives notice that a large steamer is entering the harbour. It seems that every duty is subordinate to this primal necessity, and that once when a brisk fire was in progress (I think it was when Baranoff Castle was burned) and the signal gun announced the approach of a steamer, presto! the men dropped bucket and hose, and rushed to the docks, leaving the building to burn down. This may be a cruel injustice done to Sitka people, but, as I have said, it might be true.

Naturally, Sitka people are restive under this slur—if it be a slur. They retaliate with a story even more curious, which has the further advantage of being true. It seems that Juneau people have a passion—in this case, for fires—and resolve themselves into committees of the whole to wait on every blaze, of whatever dimensions. Even a funeral procession is of secondary importance. One of these was one day slowly and mournfully wending its way up the hill to the cemetery when the fire bell was heard to ring violently, whereupon the procession resolved itself into a foot-race to the scene of excitement, leaving the unfortunate corpse to get to the cemetery the best way it could. When the fire was out the procession re-formed, and the last sad rites were completed with as much solemnity as if they had not been interrupted by a blazing ash-barrel.

Science and Discovery

Duplex Nature of the Pole Star

THE announcement that Professor W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, has discovered that the pole star, or north star, really consists of two luminous bodies moving round one another, but too close to be seen separately by any telescope, is of deep interest. The discovery was made by means of that powerful instrument of astronomical research—the spectroscope. When the light of a star is observed through this instrument it is seen as a rainbow-coloured strip, having a number of dark lines across it, the number, character, and position of the lines being different for different kinds of stars. Similar lines are seen when the vapours of terrestrial elements are observed by the same means, and it is by utilising this fact that astronomers are able to determine the substances existing in the atmospheres of the sun and stars. The lines may be regarded as analogous to musical notes, and this analogy makes it easy to understand the principle underlying Professor Campbell's discovery. The pitch of any musical

note appears to be raised if the instrument sounding the note is moving quickly towards an observer, and to be lowered if the instrument is moving quickly away. In a similar manner the lines in the spectrum of a star are shifted slightly up the scale of colour if the star is moving towards the earth, and slightly down if the movement is one of recession. Professor Campbell has found that the lines in the spectrum of the pole star are doubled at intervals of two days. Applying the principle referred to, the inference is that the star is not a single globe, but two bodies rapidly revolving round one another in four days. When one is swinging towards us the other is moving away; thus the lines of the former are raised in the scale of colour, and those of the latter are lowered, and the difference causes two sets of lines to be seen or photographed twice during a complete revolution. When the two bodies are not moving either towards or away from the earth, but across the line of sight, there is, of course, no such change of colour pitch, hence a single set of lines is seen. Several other stars,

which appear to be single bodies when observed with the most refined optical means at the disposal of astronomers, have been proved to be

accompanying illustration. They hide behind a curtain which stretches across the rear of a house, and when the singers open their song



THE WOLF DANCE

double by photographs of the periodic doubling of the lines in their spectra.

Secret Societies of Indians

THE social organisation and secret societies of the Indians of the coast of British Columbia form the subject of a long paper by Dr. Franz Boas in the latest report of the United States National

the "wolves" come forth from the right-hand entrance of the curtain. After the dance they disappear at the left side. Various other forms have to be observed, and when a mistake is made, such as errors in rhythm, turning the wrong way in a dance, smiling, and chewing gum, the error has to be atoned for by the initiation of the offender. When the members of the seal society observe a mistake, they jump



HAMATSAS OR REPRESENTATIVES OF CANNIBALS OF THE KOSKIMO INDIANS

Museum. Of particular interest are the ceremonial dances which take place at certain periods of the year. All the dancers of the tribe of Kwakiutl Indians, with which Dr. Boas is chiefly concerned, dress in blankets and head-dresses representing the wolf, as shown in the

from their seats and bite and scratch the person who made it. He drops down at once and pretends to faint, and while the excited dancers surround him he disappears. This signifies that a spirit has taken him away in order to initiate him.

Science and Discovery

The most important of the dancers is the hamatsa, or the cannibal. He is regarded as possessed of the violent desire to eat men. An Indian who is to become a hamatsa goes away into the woods for several months, and when he returns he attacks everyone upon whom he can lay his hands. In olden times, he bit pieces of flesh out of the arms and chests of the people; and when the hamatsa was in a state of ecstasy, slaves were killed for him, and he devoured them. Nowadays the ceremonies have lost much of their former cruelty, and the hamatsas do not actually bite off the piece of flesh out of the arm, but merely pull the skin up with their teeth, sucking hard so as to remove as much blood as possible, and then with a small knife cut off secretly a piece of skin. A young man who first becomes a member of a secret society cannot join the hamatsas until after a number of years. For seven years he must have been a member of societies of lower rank. Then in the eighth year he may become a hamatsa. One of the illustrations here, reproduced from Dr. Boas's paper, shows a group of hamatsas of the Koskimo tribe after a feast.

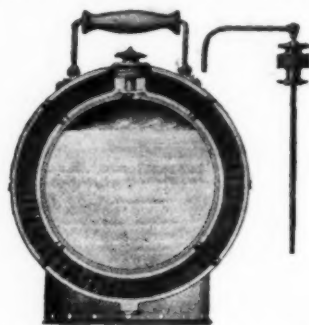
Green Oysters

THE latest contribution to the vexed question as to the cause of the "greening" of oysters is in the form of a paper by Professors W. A. Herdman and R. Boyce, read before the Royal Society. Green oysters are much more highly prized by many consumers than other kinds, though there is a widespread opinion that the greening is injurious. It appears from the paper referred to that there are several distinct kinds of greenness in oysters, some of which, such as the green Marennes oysters, are harmless; while others, such as the green American oyster, are not in a healthy state. Greenness of the latter kind is caused by the presence of a greatly increased proportion of copper in the oyster, but that of the Marennes oyster has no connection with copper, and depends upon the presence of a particular pigment. Analysis has shown conclusively that there is more copper in the green American oyster than in the colourless one, and more proportionally in the greener parts than in those that are less green. In the case of the Huitres de Marennes, no connection was found between the green colour and the copper or iron they contain.

A Receptacle for Liquid Air

As liquid air can now be made in large quantities with comparative ease, the means by which, when obtained, it may be stored and carried from place to place is naturally receiving much attention. The form of portable vessel for transporting liquid air designed by Messrs. Ostergren and Berger is shown in the accompanying illustration. This particular holder is intended for three gallons of liquid, but receptacles of a capacity of forty gallons are also manufactured

of the same pattern. The central spherical vessel is of copper surrounded by an air space of the same shape, outside of which is a layer of material which conducts heat very badly. Another air space, between the non-conducting layer and the external vessel, envelops the central part of the carrier. The inner vessel is closed by a valve which may be adjusted to any desired pressure. The vapour, which is continuously rising from the liquid air in the inner copper sphere, eventually lifts the valve and passes through the non-conducting layer into the air jacket between the two metal vessels. To reach the outside atmosphere this vapour must open a second valve, which is adjusted to work at any desired pressure, shown in the bottom of



PORTABLE VESSEL FOR TRANSPORTING LIQUID AIR

the receptacle. To obtain the liquid air, a tube is used reaching to the bottom of the inner copper vessel and operating upon the same principle as the so-called siphons of mineral water.

The Birthplace of the Diamond

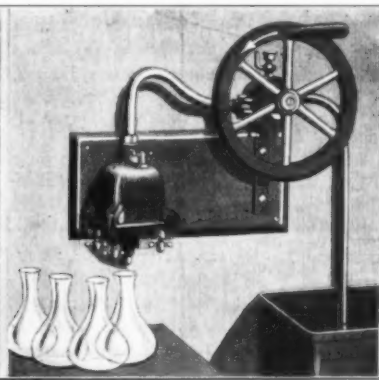
SOME of the results at which Professor T. G. Bonney has arrived from an examination of a number of rock specimens from the Newlands Diamond Mines, which are situated about forty miles north-west of Kimberley, are exceedingly interesting, leading as they do to much clearer ideas as to the way in which diamonds were formed in the earth's crust. Previous to his examination of the subject it was maintained by some mineralogists that the diamond was due to the contact of molten rock with some material containing carbon, of which chemical element the diamond is a crystalline form. Other authorities were of opinion that diamonds were produced in the places where they are now found by the miners by the action of steam or hot water; while a third set of geologists maintained that the diamond was the result of precisely the same causes as produced the other crystals found in the rocks in which the diamonds are imbedded. But now Professor Bonney has shown that the last explanation is most likely the correct one. He has actually traced the diamond up to a certain igneous

rock—that is, one which was once in a liquid state. The “blue ground” is not the birthplace either of it or of the garnets, pyroxines, olivine, and other minerals, more or less fragmental, which it incorporates. Moreover, Professor Bonney maintains that the regular shape of the diamond suggests that it was the first mineral which solidified in a crystalline form when the igneous rock containing it began to cool. Though the mode of formation is not understood, the fact is indisputable that the diamond occurs, though rather sporadically, as a constituent of an eclogite, which rock, according to the ordinary rules of inference, must be regarded as its birthplace.

R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A Filtering Pump

ONE of the most successful filters is that known as the Grandjean-Eden Filter, and is a French invention. The filtering medium is paper cellulose, and it clears the water of microbes. Many different sorts and sizes of this filter have been devised, the latest being a portable form for tourists, by which foul water can be iced and purified in a few minutes, and also a filtering pump which we illustrate. The figure on the left shows a portable form of the pump, which draws foul water from a bucket and delivers it filtered into a bottle. The user has only to put the flexible tube into the bucket and work the handle. The figure on the right shows another variety of the pump, which has been installed at the stations of the Eastern Railway Company of Algeria. A passenger requiring a drink of pure fresh water has only to give the wheel a few turns and open the stop-cock. Many people would drink water oftener, especially in public



A FILTERING PUMP

places, if they could be assured that it was wholesome. It is needless to say that a pump of this kind guards the water from pollution.

The Acetyloid Lamp

ACETYLENE gas, which is given off when a piece of carbide of calcium is put into water, is already

coming into general use for lighting purposes. The pure and simple carbide as a source of the gas is, however, subject to certain inconveniences—for example, irregularity in the production of the gas, malodorous fumes, and waste; but in the new acetyloid lamp these drawbacks are overcome, by a substance akin to the carbide, which makes the generation of the gas regular and under good control, prevents bad odours, waste, and loss of time. The lamp is made in several forms, one of which we illustrate, and has only to be fed with water and the “acetyloid,” as it is called.



ACETYLENE LAMP

Sterilising Water by Ozone

VERY important experiments affecting the public health have been made by the chemists MM. Marmier and Abraham for the Municipal Council of Lille. They have been trying ozone, which is

generated by electric sparks in oxygen gas, for sterilising large bodies of water, and the trials have been a complete success. Not only does the gas kill all the microbes in the water which are noxious to men and animals, but it diminishes the organic matter and renders the water agreeable to drink.

J. MUNRO.

Over-Sea Notes

Under this head we shall continue to give notes on topics of interest from all parts of the world. Our own correspondents on the Continent of Europe, in Africa, India, Canada, the United States, and Australasia, have promised to help. We invite notes on social topics from residents in foreign countries. Such notes should not exceed about 300 words, and will be paid for, if used. We are especially anxious to give information about the conditions of life and progress in our own great Colonies and dependencies.

A New Outlook for Cape Breton

ORDINARILY little is heard in England of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The population of these provinces is small and scattered. There are no manufactures there; shipbuilding and shipowning, for which the provinces were famous thirty years ago, are now of the past, and the people of the provinces live chiefly by fishing, by agriculture, and by the lumber industry, all quiet, steady-going industries, which come in for very little newspaper attention. But a change is coming over at least one of the provinces. Nova Scotia is soon to have an immense steel-making plant as large as any of those in the States of Pennsylvania or Ohio, and before many months are over it is possible that steel made in Nova Scotia will be shipped in large quantities to England. The site of the new plant is at Sydney, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, situated on one of the most beautiful harbours of the Atlantic coast of British North America.

Sydney has long been famous for its beauty. It is well known to American tourists, who, since the Intercolonial Railway knitted together all the Maritime Provinces, and gave direct communication between St. John, Halifax, Sydney, and Charlottetown, and Moncton, Campbelltown, Quebec and Montreal, have been going to the Maritime Provinces in large numbers from June to October each year. The importance of Sydney has also been added to by the development of the coal mines on the coast line between the Sydney harbour and the old French town of Louisburg, and by the opening out of a new route to Newfoundland, following the completion of the new line of railway across the island. It is the fact that Sydney is within reach of inexhaustible quantities of coal that has led to the establishment of the new steel plant there. American capitalists are embarked in the undertaking. They

are to spend nine million dollars on the steel plant and to employ a large fleet of steamers in bringing ore from Newfoundland to the plant on Sydney harbour, the site of which has been given to the Steel Company by the municipality of Sydney. To-day Sydney is but a little country town. Five years hence it is expected that it will be the Pittsburgh of Canada, and that the coming of the steel plant, and of the other industries which will follow in its train, will have given the town a population of 15,000, and made it the most important industrial centre in the Maritime Provinces.—E. P.

Immigration into the Maritime Provinces of Canada

To Englishmen who have travelled much in Canada it cannot fail to be a matter of surprise that newcomers from Great Britain usually push so far inland. Ordinarily immigrants who are going to settle on the land have no place in mind east of Winnipeg. Most of the young Englishmen who come out to Canada to engage in farming press on to the West. The reason for this no doubt is that there are free lands in the West, and that the railway companies, which own lands in the West, and which desire to fill up the territories served by their railways, keep the West to the front in Great Britain. Lately the Maritime Provinces have become concerned that the stream of immigration should continuously go by them, and the Legislature of New Brunswick at its last session determined to take measures to make New Brunswick and its opportunities for immigrants better known in the Old Country.

New Brunswick has comparatively little public land which can be given to settlers; but cleared farms can be obtained very cheaply within the province, and although wheat-growing on a large scale is not practicable, there is a wide range of farming which can be made

to pay. Life on a New Brunswick farm is as pleasant as on a farm in England. Conditions are more settled there than in the new provinces of the Far West. There is less isolation than on the Far Western farms; while New Brunswick, like the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia, has beautiful harbours, and lakes, rivers, mountains and valleys, which are quickly becoming the recreation ground of thousands of people from the cities in the Northern States of America. There is much in the life of the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to commend them to English people who are seeking new homes and new opportunities, and these provinces have the further advantage that they are on the coast, and nearly a week's travel nearer to the Old Country than the Far West provinces, towards which the stream of English immigration has long been setting. The writer of this paragraph would be the last in the world to write a disparaging line about the North-West; but he has often felt that the Maritime Provinces were too much ignored in England, and when at St. John a little while ago he was glad to learn that the Government of New Brunswick was contemplating bringing the advantages of the provinces before people in the Old Country.—E. P.

The Displacement of Labour by Machinery

THE invention and development of labour-saving machinery proceeds at so quick a pace in the United States that one displaced set of labour has hardly accommodated itself to the new conditions before the displacement of another set takes place. These changes affect both skilled and unskilled labour; but the displacement is more general as regards unskilled labour. Recent changes in the build of large steamers, carrying Bessemer ore on the Great Lakes from ports on Lake Superior to ports on Lake Erie, have displaced many men at the ore ports. Until the ore-carrying industry assumed its present immense proportions—proportions which can be measured by the fact that 14,000,000 tons of ore were carried down the lakes in the season of 1899—many old-fashioned steamers and sailing vessels were in the ore-carrying service. Ore loaded into these vessels had to be trimmed, and at each of the ore ports on Lake Superior hundreds of men found employment at this work. As the ore-carrying trade was developed, however, steamers of great size were built

specially for it. In these newer steamers there are so many hatches through which the ore can be shot from the chutes into the hold, and the ore is so evenly distributed by the chutes, that trimming is no longer necessary, and the ore trimmers have had to seek new work. It was not possible for them to strike. They had to submit to the inevitable, and see their employment disappear as a result of an improvement in the vessels used in the ore-carrying service. All that they could do was to induce the Mayor of Escanaba, one of the principal ore ports, to appeal to the steamer owners of Cleveland to continue the old mode of trimming. But as trimming was no longer necessary nothing could come of the appeal. On the Atlantic coast the men who unload coal from the steamers and ocean-going barges are now confronted with an improved coal barge which threatens their industry. The new barge is built to carry 1,000 tons of coal, and it is so constructed and equipped with machinery that the coal from it can be loaded into the bunkers of transatlantic steamers, or on to a wharf, without being touched by hand labour. If the new invention is a success—and on a smaller scale the machinery adopted has proved successful—coal heaving at the Atlantic coast ports will soon become as much an industry of the past as trimming the ore-carrying steamers at the Lake Superior ports. Fortunately for the labourers immediately concerned, the change described comes at a time when work all over the United States is more plentiful, and when labour, skilled and unskilled, is more in demand than at any time during the last ten years.

E. P.

Australia

AMONG the excellent educational advantages provided by our Australian governments, one of the best is the system of travelling Libraries. From the Public Library of Sydney, New South Wales, as well as from the Public Library of Melbourne, Victoria, boxes of books are sent out to the public libraries of country towns and townships.

At the request of the Trustees of the (Sydney) Public Library of New South Wales, the Committee of the Religious Tract Society of London recently sent a large box of its publications, to help this stream of pure literature. The following letter of thanks from the Principal Librarian shows the Australian appreciation of such help:

"I am instructed by the trustees to send you their very best thanks for the box of your publi-

Over-Sea Notes

cations which you have been pleased to send as a donation to this Library. The volumes are found to be admirably suited for a certain class of our country readers, and will form a valuable part of about five boxes we are now equipping. They are too much of the same character to be placed by themselves with no other class of literature in the one box. We are, therefore, mixing them with books of travel, history, biography, and science, and are equipping a number of boxes. Three of these boxes will be known by the name of your Society, and I shall order from you a number of books to help in equipping some more boxes. The order will go forward as soon as I can settle how much money we can spend on this work out of our next year's vote for the financial year commencing 1st July.

"Please accept the trustees' assurance of their hearty thanks for your sympathy and valuable assistance in our educational work."—c.

Monarchs as Orators

IN our democratic age it is becoming more and more necessary that princes and kings should have something to say, and know how to say it. The speeches of European rulers are scanned with the closest scrutiny, for although "the King's mouth" no longer orders peace or war, men are prone to look to their words for an index of the trend of events. In the case of the German Emperor, that most eloquent of monarchs, statesmen and journalists have long recognised that, although his orations are often over-laden with the ornaments of rhetoric, he generally knows when to speak and what impression to make. His speeches are his own composition, usually spoken on the spur of the moment. His voice is clear, every syllable correctly enunciated. In his speeches he uses what are known as "head notes" as opposed to "chest notes." His grandfather, the old Emperor, was a silent man. The Germans say he conquered the French with his steel cannon, but his grandson will conquer them with his silver tongue. Queen Victoria always reads any speech more than a sentence or two long, but her voice is a beautiful one, carrying far. The Queen of Spain is always nervously trembling when she reads her speeches; Moëmi says she never raises her eyes from the manuscript in her shaking hands. The young Queen of Holland has a childish, clear voice, each word comes clear as a bell. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is no orator. He hurries over the first few sentences only to pause in the middle of his speech. He evidently obtains inspiration and relief from a gentle rubbing of his beard. The

Austrian Emperor is shy of speaking. He seeks to avoid all functions where a speech is expected. He memorises his addresses after they are written for him in large letters on sheets of white foolscap. King Humbert has an excellent voice, but is a most indifferent speaker. Anything over a sentence or two is memorised from a manuscript supplied by his secretary. The Queen of Italy is a brilliant speaker, fluent, eloquent, tactful. Unfortunately her gifts as an orator are seldom in request.—M. A. M.

Changes in India

FEW things would probably strike old Indians whose retirement dates ten or twenty years back more forcibly, could they revisit the land of their exile, than the immense strides that have quietly been going on through the length and breadth of the land in the direction of material civilisation. It is not only that the large cities are keeping up with the van—Madras and Colombo have their electric trams and Bombay is about to follow suit, while the bicycle is ubiquitous—but the tide has reached the most outlying places. Here is a small country town—a specimen of dozens more in Western India, a place of no importance one would say, and unknown to all but the most minute maps—yet it has its railway station with four trains a day, its telegraph station, a daily post which will carry your letters for a halfpenny (not to say farthing post-cards) for thousands of miles, to Aden or Rangoon, and a lending library with standard English and native works and a go-as-you please subscription, the high-water mark being two shillings a quarter; the night mail from Bombay brings you the daily paper of the previous day, the evening supplement of which enables you to read the important telegrams about the same time as many of your London friends. Truly, we must begin to set our pictures of Indian life in a new frame!

There is probably no country where time is making more deplorable ravages than India. Archæology is everywhere given the cold shoulder. Government has no money to spare for such unpractical trifles, and the people, from professor to peasant, appear to be absolutely destitute of any historical sense. The result is that innumerable fine buildings are perishing before your very eyes. In northern Gujarat a whole city of palaces and temples of the very finest workmanship, seen and admired by men of the past generation, has disappeared, with scarcely a trace left behind. The ancient castle

of Idar-Ahmadnagar is another case in point. It is not so long since it was inhabited; now only two or three fragments of buildings stand upright, including some exquisite specimens of stone fretwork windows, which will fall and smash to fragments in a year or two. But no one lifts a finger, and only the European casual visitor so much as sheds a tear.

Yet art is not quite dead in India. The other day a missionary, engaged in building a tiny village church, was urged by the working masons (men whose wages do not exceed a shilling a day) to insert some kind of fretwork

windows. After a good deal of sceptical hesitation, he assented so far as to let them try their hand, and the result is six little windows filled with panels of exquisite stone tracery, which would hold its own with some of the famous mosques of Ahmadabad, and the cost, materials and all, left some change out of a five-pound note! For the Indian workman, with all his faults, is a genuine artist, doing with interest whatever his hand finds to do. The same man will turn you out exquisite fretted designs in wood or stone, or he will build you a mud wall or make you a set of plain bedroom furniture, and he will charge you in either case just a shilling a day.—J. S. S.

Letters from the Editor's Post-bag

OUR "COUNTRY HOLIDAY" BOYS

IT may interest your readers to read a few short stories about some South London boys who have lately been visiting us in the country.

A fortnight ago thirty little urchins were sent down to me from the Children's Country Holiday Fund, boys varying from nine to twelve years of age. I met them at our country station on a hot summer's afternoon. There was no doubt in which part of the train they were, the station rang with shouts of joy and excitement. Before the train had quite stopped, though they were locked into their carriages, they had forced themselves out between the bars of the windows, and were on the platform in two minutes and their bundles after them. Then they all tried to shake hands with me at once, and asked with one accord where they were to lodge, saying that they could on no account be parted from their chums. (I wondered whether I should have any drums left in my ears at the end of the day.) Having tried to answer everybody in one breath, I followed these "laddies" to the road. In the twinkling of an eye they had scrambled into the brake, on to the box, on to the horses, and everywhere else where it was possible and impossible to sit. I scrambled in on the top of everybody as best I could, and in this fashion we proceeded to the village, singing Cockney songs by the way—"Now we sha'n't be long" and "A bicycle made for two," etc., with as much noise as it was possible for thirty people to make in twenty minutes. In the village the rain came on, when red cotton umbrellas were put up which dripped on

to the boys' white collars and added much to the mirth of the occasion.

Having arrived at the first cottage, I struggled out, and called loudly the names of the first two boys who were to disembark; of course a dozen got out "for the fun of it," and when we had identified the right two, we found that they had unpacked their bundles under the seat and got their possessions hopelessly intermixed. This took time, but we landed them all by degrees, and that night I was not sorry to go to bed.

The next morning I thought I would go round and see how my bairns were settling down. They greeted me loudly at the entrance of the village; they were always most welcoming and had lots to tell me every morning. On this first morning they had been up since 5.30; they had caught fish in puddles where no one had ever caught fish before; they had sampled blackberries, nuts, crab-apples, and everything else they could lay hands on. They had chased rabbits, and when I ventured to express a doubt as to whether they had caught any, they said: "No, Miss, but we had hold of the fur of one when he ran away." I could not quite see in my mind's eye the poor rabbit making his escape without his skin; but that is a detail.

In the course of their stay I found that the one great temptation to these town boys was stealing apples from the cottage gardens. In vain did I talk to the four worst offenders about it, pointing out that it was a temptation as old as Adam, and that they would certainly be sent out of Paradise if they went on. They

Letters from the Editor's Post-bag

did go on, and for this, with other offences, I was obliged to dispatch two of my cheeriest fellows back to town after only a few days country air. I hope I may never again have to play the odious part of Lord High Executioner; it was like a funeral procession to the station; not a boy was to be seen in the village; and no allusion was ever made to this terrible incident by the survivors, but I am bound to say that the effect was extremely good, and that the standard of conduct went up from that moment.

In the afternoons, to keep my men employed we had cricket matches against the neighbouring villages, and here again I must record one sad incident. On a certain Tuesday a team came over of alarmingly big boys from G——; my men took fright, and protested they would not play against what they called tree-trunks and giants. "Very well," said I, "go home at once, and I will play with the G—— boys, and give them tea under the oaks."

"No, no," said my eleven with one voice, "we will fight them, we will fight them!" They did, and they won. I had but a single runaway, and he never heard the last of it: we told him that a soldier in battle would be shot if he deserted; we did not apply this utmost rigour of the law, but our friend got it uncommonly hot from his brethren, and the trick was never repeated. Cricket was by far the most popular form of entertainment for the afternoon. Kitchener at Khartoum could not possibly have been more impressed with the vital importance of his day's work than we were with our matches against these village natives. We had one farewell picnic in the woods; this was a peaceable afternoon enjoyed, but considered on the whole more suitable for ladies.

One wet day we were obliged to have tea in a shed with a stone floor. When I had given each boy a mug, and was just going to take round tea, an excellent way of trying my temper occurred to some one; they all held up their cups in the air ready to throw down, saying, "Will they bounce, Miss?" One angry look, and the thirty cups would have been broken into atoms, but by this time I had learnt to tackle them, and knew how to take their jokes right way up; tea proceeded peaceably.

On my morning rounds I was much struck in one cottage by the way in which the boys had decorated the walls with corn, to the delight of their hostess; there were wreaths round every little picture and doorway, it looked like a private harvest home. These boys made quite a nice sum of pocket-money by helping the farmers to glean, and, by the bye, one small boy, when asked to help with the hay-making, inquired, "What shall I make it of?" Another lad, on finding a peacock's feather, wanted to know whether he should put it in water. Of small accidents of course we had enough; some fellows seemed to have a knack of tumbling into ponds, being bitten by dogs, and beaten by tramps and tumbling off hay carts, besides getting black eyes at cricket; but boys will be

boys, as their good foster-mothers were never tired of reminding me, and splendid boys they were.

My heart aches to-day, and I feel a dreadful blank because the fortnight is over, and my little troop have had to return to London and to lessons. My sisters and I made some firm friendships, as we have done in previous years; and though it is a relief to know that they have gone off with at least the average number of arms and legs, in spite of all the anxiety about manners, moods, and morals, I deeply regret their departure. They went laden with blessings of all kinds; good advice (if this be one?), fruit, flowers, vegetables, and fresh eggs for their mothers. I wish I had space to give specimens of the warm letters which I have had from boys and parents in appreciation of their country holiday. Besides letters, I also possess a number of wooden articles which my boys have made for me at their workshops—a pipe-rack, a knife and fork box, two brackets, etc.; but what I regard as the best test of this appreciation is the fact that there is an increasing roll of old boys who are now earning in London, and who whenever they have a few days off run down to visit us and stay with the same cottage mothers who were so good to them as children. We have had cases in the village where a delicate boy has refused to return to town, and has been adopted here for two or three years while finishing his schooling, and then has returned to London a strong man, ready and able to earn eighteen shillings a week. In some of these boys one saw the makings of a hero. There was one little fellow who seemed very weary on a hot day. I gave him a ripe pear to refresh him. He popped it into his pocket, saying, "That will do for mother when I get back to London. Thank you, Miss, very much." His mother was a widow and paralysed; he being the eldest of the family was the head man at home. Last year this laddie's mother was suddenly taken worse while he was here. I had a telegram asking that he might be sent home at once. The poor boy's grief and anxiety were quite terrible. He had not a thought for his own holiday being spoilt, but "Oh, my mother, there is nobody to nurse her and nobody to mind the babies." Thank God his mother recovered, and her first anxiety was to send me back the pence that were over from the small sum given to her boy to pay his journey home. I believe the family were in great poverty for many weeks after those doctor's visits.

In conclusion I would beg any lady living in the country, with a few leisure hours and some energy and sympathy to spare, to write to the Children's Country Holiday Fund in London, 10 Buckingham Street, Strand. This Society has always more girls and boys waiting to leave Town than there are homes to receive them; anyone willing to take a little trouble for the sake of the children will have a delightful fortnight of enjoyable and rewarding work.

LETTICE SARAH VERNEY.

The Fireside Club

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

On Life

"Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night."—*Lowell.*

"If the somewhat paltry stage of Life were not
an emblematic one, who on such salary as there is,
would consent to act on it?"—*Carlyle.*

"Life is but love, and immortality,
The being one, and one the element."

Wordsworth.

"Life is a pill none of us can swallow without
gilding."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"This Life which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath."—*W. Drummond.*

"Life is not a diamond, but a seed, with possi-
bilities of endless growth."—*J. R. Miller.*

Our readers are invited to send in quotations
from their favourite authors on a given subject each
month. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the
best. The subject this month is "The Pleasure of
Conversation." See rules for competitors below.

SIX GREAT VICTORIANS

First

The greatest soldier-statesman these hundred years
have seen,
Behold him kneel, in laurelled age, to serve a
youthful Queen.

1. This stately pile became his home,
When tired of war he ceased to roam.
2. This he freed from a tyranny great,
In spite of his enemies' rage and hate.
3. In this city's heart they made him a grave,
Where lie in honour the great and the brave.
4. In their house he fought for his country's weal,
All his weapons were words and unflinching zeal.
5. This was he named, for he had the power
To stand the strain of danger's hour.
6. Here first he heard the bugles blow,
Calling him forth to face the foe.
7. This is another name he won,
For in his day he was second to none.
8. He conquered in a desperate fight,
In eastern lands, this man of might.
9. Here dons and doctors wise and good
Gave him a gown and a chancellor's hood.
10. After many a desperate blow
He caught and laid this tyrant low.

Find the hero of the above Acrostic, and the ten
required words whose initials spell his name. For
the best brief answer in rhyme a prize of HALF-A-
GUINEA will be awarded. See rules below.

HIDDEN AUTHORS

A prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best
answers in this series of four hidden authors,
beginning here and to be completed next month.
One mark is given for each correct answer, and the
competitor scoring highest wins. See rules below.

First

1. "Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and . . . gait,
And looks commercing with the skies."
2. "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last . . . of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."
3. "To measure . . . learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way."
4. "Fly, envious . . ., till thou run out thy race
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours."
5. "Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
. . . in a rainbow."
6. ". . . that the fields are dank and ways are
mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet and by the fire,
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining?"

The initials of these six omitted words spell the
name of an author of whom Wordsworth wrote:

"Thou shouldst be living at this hour,
England hath need of thee."

Second

1. "In gallant trim the . . . vessel goes,
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."
2. "Their . . . now that wildly flow
No yesterday or morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes."
3. "E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our . . . live their wonted fires."
4. ". . . shall he mount and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate;
Beneath the Good how far, but far above the
Great."

The initials of these four omitted words spell the
name of an author, one of whose poems is claimed to
have given more exquisite pleasure to greater numbers
of men than any other single piece of English verse.

The initials of each omitted word in each of these
two acrostics spell the names of the authors whose
lines are quoted. Give the omitted words, and the
sources of the quotations.

Answers in the foregoing competitions must be
received at the office of the "Leisure Hour,"
56 Paternoster Row, not later than the 20th of the
month. They must be addressed to the Editor, and
marked outside "Prize Competitions."

Write very clearly on one side of paper only. No
papers can be returned, nor is private correspondence
possible.

Varieties

The Kafirs

THOSE whom we call Kafirs call themselves Abantu, or Bantu ("the people"). The word "Kafir" is Arabic. It has nothing to do with Mount Kaf (the Caucasus), but means an infidel (literally, "one who denies"), and is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these people but to other heathens also, as, for instance, to the idolaters of Kafirstan, in the Hindu-Kush Mountains. The Portuguese doubtless took the name from the Arabs, whom they found established at several points on the East African coast, northwards from Sofala; and the Dutch took it from the Portuguese.—*Bryce: Impressions of South Africa.*

Blacks and Whites in South Africa

THE natives have had harsh treatment from the Europeans. Many unjust things, many cruel things, many things which would excite horror if practised in European warfare, have been done against them. But whoever tries to strike the balance of good and evil due to the coming of the whites must remember what the condition of the country was before the whites came. As between the different tribes there was neither justice nor pity, but simply the rule of the strongest, unmitigated by any feeling of religion or morality. In war non-combatants as well as combatants were ruthlessly slaughtered, or reserved only for slavery, and war was the normal state of things. Within each tribe a measure of peace and order was maintained. But the weak had a hard time, and those who were rich, or had roused the enmity of some powerful man, were at any moment liable to perish on the charge of witchcraft. In some tribes, such as the Matabili, incessant slaughter went on by the orders of the king.—*Bryce: Impressions of South Africa.*

The Early Boer Settlers

ISOLATION and the wild life these ranchmen led soon told upon their habits. The children grew up ignorant, the women, as was natural where slaves were employed, lost the neat and cleanly ways of their Dutch ancestors, the men were rude, bigoted, indifferent to the comforts and graces of life, but they retained their religious earnestness, carrying their Bibles and their practice of daily family worship with them in their wanderings, and they retained also a passion for freedom which the government vainly endeavoured to restrain. . . . The only organisation that brought them together was that which their ceaseless strife with the bushmen enjoined. Being all accustomed to the use of arms they formed war parties, which from

time to time attacked and rooted out the bushmen from a disturbed area; and the government recognised these military needs and methods by appointing field-commandants to each district, and subordinate officers, called field-cornets, to each sub-district. These functionaries have become the basis of the system of local government among the South African Dutch, and the warbands, called commandos, have played a great part in the subsequent military history of the country.—*Bryce: Impressions of South Africa.*

The Great Trek

IN 1834 the British Parliament passed a statute emancipating the slaves throughout all the British colonies, and awarding a sum of twenty million pounds sterling as compensation to the slave-owners. The part of this sum allotted to Cape Colony (a little more than three million sterling) was considerably below the value of the slaves (about 39,000) held there, and as the compensation was made payable in London most slave-owners sold their claims at inadequate prices. Many farmers lost the bulk of their property, and labour became in many districts so scarce that agriculture could hardly be carried on. The irritation thus produced, intensifying the already existing discontent, set up a ferment among the Dutch farmers. . . . Thus it was that the Great Trek, as the Dutch call it—the great emigration, or secession, as we should say—of the Dutch Boers began in 1836. Twenty-five years before another question of colour and slavery brought about a still greater secession on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Bryce: Impressions of South Africa.*

Paul Kruger

FEW to-day survive of those who took part in this Great Trek, but among them is Paul Kruger, now President of the South African Republic, who followed his father's cattle as they were driven forward across the prairie, being then a boy of ten.—*Bryce: Impressions of South Africa.*

Racing and Betting News in Free Library Reading-Rooms

MR. R. K. DENT, of the Aston Free Library, appears to have been the originator of a plan for the suppression of a peculiar nuisance which has called forth some criticism, but which is becoming more and more generally approved. The reading-room of the Aston Free Library became a rendezvous for a rough and ill-behaved section of the sporting fraternity, and the question arose, How could the place be best reclaimed for those for whom it was intended, but who

were now shunning the room because of the foul-mouthed throng who had come into possession? "Having no taste for reading whatever, beyond the latest tips, programmes, and results of races, and having exhausted these, they would beguile the time of waiting for the arrival of other papers by various brutish tricks," says Mr. Dent in "The Library," and adds: "Under these circumstances the committee thought fit to approve of a plan I had in my mind for some time, of blacking out the portions of newspapers containing information in reference to betting and horse racing." The Aston reading-room was at once cleared of the disreputable throng who had so long infested it. The example became contagious, and among other libraries which suffered in a similar way, but which have now adopted the new remedy, were the free libraries at Wolverhampton, Leicester, Stockport, and Middlesbrough. Meanwhile other important public institutions are debating whether they should not adopt the same course.

In answer to the objection that all classes of ratepayers ought to be catered for, Mr. Dent replies that he never knew of a public reading-room in the Kingdom which catered for this class by taking in exclusively sporting papers. When it is urged that a committee have no right to deface newspapers, Mr. Dent replies: "We impress our library stamps on choice plates and on the ample margins of books which, if they were our own, we should shudder to commit such sacrilege upon. And if it be necessary to perform one act of defacement for the protection of library property, surely it is also justifiable to perform another for the protection of the readers." This kind of "protection" will undoubtedly spread to other centres where horse-racing cads and betting sharpers have become a nuisance not to be tolerated in the public reading-rooms.—G. H. P.

The Dictionary a Classic

It may surprise those who look upon a dictionary merely as a useful, dry-as-dust book of reference, to learn that dictionaries such as Johnson's and Butler's, in English, and Hederic and Scapula's in Greek, possess other and higher uses. Lord Chatham tells us he read Butler's dictionary twice through, with delight and profit. Moreover, when his sight began to fail, he was fond of having the dictionary read aloud to him. Emerson affirmed that dictionaries were full of suggestion, "the raw material of possible poems and histories." Robert Browning, according to one biographer, qualified himself for the literary profession by reading and digesting Johnson's dictionary, from cover to cover. Wordsworth regarded his dictionary as a dear and inseparable companion. Macaulay once observed that he almost feared to take up a dictionary, he found it so difficult to lay it down, such was the fascination it possessed for him. This fact may account, in a measure, for the historian's supreme mastery of the English language.—H. E. W.

Knitted Helmets

At this time of year thousands of kind hands are busy knitting helmets of a well-known and admirable design for our deep-sea fishermen. When their needs are supplied, and the knitters' fingers at leisure, it is worth knowing that travelling-caps of the same pattern made in finer dark wool are sure to be valued by, and of great service to, any of our friends who are in the habit of night travelling. No one, without trying one, can believe how thoroughly this close-fitting shape is adapted to the requirements of the railway traveller, trying to sleep in a cold and often draughty carriage in winter weather.—FOUR-PLY.

Nansen Caps

AMONG Christmas presents in preparation, I saw the other day, in a home where many are required, a Nansen cap, which I thought worth mentioning to the knitters round our Tea-Table. It was in shape nothing more or less than the fisherman's helmet so often worked by charitable fingers for our deep-sea fishermen. But not being intended for such hard wear, finer colour and texture are admissible. One shown to me was intended for an elderly gentleman, who has to make frequent night journeys by rail in winter, and another, in scarlet wool, was going to adorn the head of a small maiden in Canada, when tobogganing.

Fresh Air

CHANGE of air is the oldest and still the most effectual cure for invalidism. If you feel yourself sinking into that debased state of mental and bodily health, and cannot command a change of air to any distance, resolve to secure as much fresh air every day as possible. Don't be lazy in taking trouble over it; little by little accustom yourself, well wrapped from chance of cold, to often-opened windows, if you are really unable to go out of doors.—OZONE.

The Healing Influence of Nature

NOTHING mean or small can be realised amid the largeness of Nature. In the summer solitudes of the woods the petty torments of life are forgotten, small worries and troubles fade out of sight, wounded feelings cease to pain us. Overhead the blue sky shines through a network of leaves, birds sing as they flit from tree to tree, the woodpigeons coo contentedly—all is peace. The influences of Nature are soothing beyond knowledge, even as her beauties are delightful beyond words.—B. WENTWORTH.

Out-of-door Life

How little time we spend out of doors in comparison with our opportunities. We go to the sea-side, or the country, in the summer, and for the time are out much daily. The oldest aunt among us gets into the habit of enjoying the air and the views, and sleeps and eats with renewed

Varieties

vigour in consequence. But when the holiday is over, we take to our burrows again for the winter, and spend our lives in dull rooms, behind curtains, in a routine of indoor employments. Surely our good old Queen might be our example in her love of fresh, open air. Except in seasons of frost and snow we hear of her resolutely spending hours at a time in the garden, reading, writing, signing papers, giving interviews in a tent on the lawn, in the open. Might not we carry our summer habits of outdoor life on into autumn, and begin them earlier in spring? Well-shod, and warmly wrapped, how many wholesome hours we might enjoy, and (if doctors are right in their agreement) add to our lives in this way?—OLD MAID.

Twentieth Century Umbrellas

SURELY the twentieth century will have a word to say to the umbrella—either reforming it into something more portable, or devising for its carriage some equivalent to the sword-belt, quiver, or rifle-sling. Consider how few hands people have, and say whether the umbrella can reasonably go on demanding the whole use of one? The claim is monstrous. Look at that pretty little woman crossing the street. She needs one hand to hold up her dress, another to carry the parcel of the moment, a third to lead her little girl, a fourth to give the crossing-sweeper his penny—were she Briareus, each would be occupied; and is it likely that even he would devote fifty per cent. of his hands to one umbrella?

Or take this shopocrat hailing a 'bus. How in the name of contrivance is he to catch on, find his penny, hold his newspaper, and clutch at his hat, almost knocked off by the man who pushes past him on the step, when he has only two hands, and one must carry his umbrella?

Clearly there is crying need for reform. Either let us make the umbrella as handy as a fan, or devise some other means of carrying, as easily as even a savage carries his arrows, our chief weapon of defence against that life-long, ambuscading enemy, who loves to take us unarmed, the weather.

Astronomical Notes for November

THE Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 55m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 12m., and sets at 4h. 16m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 30m., and sets at 4h. 2m. The Moon will be New at 10h. 27m. on the morning of the 3rd, enter her First Quarter at 1h. 35m. on the afternoon of the 10th; become Full at 10h. 18m. on the morning of the 17th; and enter her Last Quarter at 6h. 35m. on that of the 25th. She will be in

perigee, or nearest the Earth, a few minutes after noon on the 12th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 25th. No eclipses are due this month. The Moon will occult the planet Neptune on the evening of the 19th, but, of course, the phenomenon will be visible only to those provided with moderate telescopes. Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 16th, and will be visible after sunset for a few evenings before and after that date, but low in the heavens in the northern hemisphere on account of his great southern declination, situated as he will be in the constellation Scorpio, a little to the north-east of the bright red star, Antares. Venus is now brilliant in the early part of the evening, also in Scorpio, and not far from Mercury, their conjunction taking place in the daytime on the 26th; she will be less than five degrees due north of Antares on the 14th. Mars is not visible this month; nor Jupiter, which will be in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 13th. Saturn sets about two hours after sunset at the beginning of the month, and before the end of it will have ceased to be visible; he is in the north-eastern part of the constellation Scorpio, moving slowly towards Sagittarius.

On the morning of the 15th the Earth will be entering the thick part of the stream of the Leonids or November meteors, and a brilliant display may be expected; but, as will be seen above, the Moon will be at the time within two days of being full, and her brightness will interfere with their brilliancy and even with the visibility of the fainter ones. Next year we shall again pass through the thick part of the stream, towards the end of it, and the conditions will be more favourable for the display. These meteors take their name from the circumstance that they appear to radiate from a point in the heavens in the western part of the constellation Leo, which in the month of November rises in the east about midnight. To the north, between it and the Pole-star, is the familiar constellation Ursa Major or the Great Bear; nearly above it at some distance glitter the twin stars Castor and Pollux in the constellation Gemini, whilst low down in the south-east is Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars and the principal star in Canis Major or the Great Dog, nearly between which and Gemini is Procyon, the bright star in another small constellation, called Canis Minor or the Little Dog. Beyond these is the magnificent constellation Orion, with his well-known belt, and high up in the sky, due south at midnight, that called Taurus, or the Bull, which contains the cluster named the Pleiades. The Moon at the time will be a little to the west of south, in the constellation Pisces.

—W. T. LYNN.

Our Chess Page

TEN GUINEAS IN PRIZES (Open to Amateurs only)

IT is our intention to make our chess page a special feature of the new "Leisure Hour." Not only, as heretofore, will first-rate problems and instructive games be published, but substantial prizes will frequently be offered in connection with various phases of the game. This departure will doubtless enlist the goodwill of our chess-playing readers, and we confidently appeal to them to help us in making it a great success. We shall cordially welcome any suggestions for the improvement of the column, and we shall reserve space for answers to correspondents.

Already we have secured the kind co-operation of some well-known amateurs, notably that of the brilliant problemist, Mr. E. B. Schwann, who at very short notice has kindly composed a problem specially for our first competition.

I. Problem Solving. Our first competition will be for Problem Solving.

Five Guineas will be awarded in prizes for the best batches of solutions of five problems which will be published during the next three months.

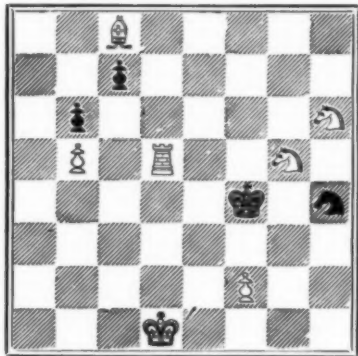
Solutions must be clearly written in the English notation, on one side of the paper only, and must be headed by the name and address of the sender.

They must also be sent in month by month, and not kept until the fifth problem has been published. Not less than a fortnight will be given for the solving of any problem, and the date by which solutions must be sent in will always be clearly stated. In the first instance several weeks will be allowed to give time for our New Departure to become known in chess circles.

PROBLEM-SOLVING COMPETITION

PROBLEM I., BY E. B. SCHWANN.

BLACK—4 men.



WHITE—7 men.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solutions to be sent in by December 15, 1899.

II. Brilliant Games. Five Guineas in prizes. For many chess players a brilliant game has far more attraction than the most subtle problem, and to encourage players to send us choice original specimens for publication, we offer five guineas in prizes as follows:

Two Guineas for the most brilliant game played in the London League Competition, any division, between October 23 and December 31, 1899, and

Three Guineas for the two most brilliant amateur match games played within the same time anywhere in the United Kingdom outside London. First prize, two guineas; second prize, one guinea.

Conditions. The prizes will only be awarded to the winners of the games in question, each of whom must send in a clearly written score and give all particulars of the match in which the game was played. The names of the winner and loser must in all cases be given, though the latter will not be published if there is any objection.

No game received after January 7, 1900, will be considered.

III. End Games. We shall be particularly glad to receive from any of our readers original instructive endings from actual play. Excepting the openings, there is no department of the game so well worth careful study, and in order to encourage it we shall offer prizes early in the New Year for the production and solution of choice examples.

IV. Problem Composing. Our January part will contain the particulars of a competition which will be open to all amateur problemists, and the results will form the basis of another great solving competition.

V. Chess News. So much space is now given to chess by the daily and weekly papers that it is almost hopeless for a monthly magazine to give intelligence that is not already stale. We shall therefore not attempt to do more in this department than record items of exceptional interest.

All communications to be addressed to

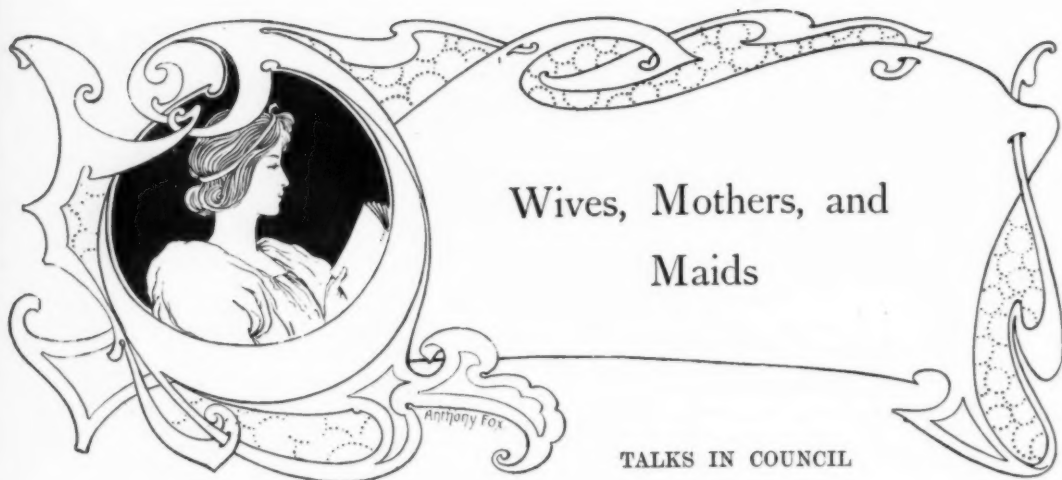
The Editor,

"The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row,

London, E.C.

and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.



Wives, Mothers, and Maids

TALKS IN COUNCIL

TO help our women readers will be our particular desire and aim in this page.

Of women's pages devoted to dress, social functions, and food one sees more than enough; but half the world, the women's half, possesses interests beyond these, however excellent in their own place they may be.

Since the days of the Pharisees things have been misnamed; that called sin which was no sin, that called good which was wholly evil. Words are very powerful things, and we should choose them carefully; flung hap-hazard, they easily knock the breath out of something that well deserved to live. To separate the good from that called good has been the effort of every reformer since the world began. Women's work, women's interests, what do they mean? Who limits the former or defines the latter?

Woman has been called bad so long, even by many people held wise and clever, that it has taken more time than she has yet had to refute the calumny. There is only one way in which she can do so, and that is by going higher than man's shifting standard. Since one generation differs from another in its estimate of what is womanly and what is desirable in woman, she must appeal to a judgment that has no personal prepossessions. "A curse, a canker, a snare, a care, a blight, Nature's transgression"—these are a few of the epithets that heathen poets and philosophers have hurled at her, while more modern writers have not been very far behind them. No doubt very flattering things have been said, on the other side, that were sometimes equally untrue. Now Christ made no comments, either complimentary or the reverse, but He did the one thing woman needed—He restored to her her self-respect by making a friend of her.

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It will take a great deal of detraction to deprive her of that inspiring knowledge.

In a story to which many are very partial one of the male characters, speaking of the heroine and wanting to pass a high eulogium on her, says: "She is as straight"—meaning veracious—"as a man." Doubtless many would be deeply moved by that tribute. It has been brought as a reproach against ambitious women that they ape men. In that case they do not emulate the highest; let them strive a degree upwards and no one will accuse them of being copyists. I think it was Milton who said:

"Man trusts in God, and he is infinite;
Woman in man, and he is shifting sand."

Probably the poet spoke from personal experience, and on that occasion said a very true thing.

Sometimes the thought is startlingly borne in on one that the world is nearing a crucial period in its ethical history. Surely it is not for nothing that a nation which has so long led the whole earth towards the troughs where the swine feed, shows itself to-day bereft of every shred of repute behind which dishonour can hide; while a Jew, by reason of his wrongs and sufferings, is the figure on which all civilisation gazes with wet eyes. A nation near its downfall, a Jew pilloried for sins his judges knew he had not committed, the same thing happened once before; perhaps it is the parallel that is driving people to ask if prophecy is about to be fulfilled. Before massacres, the Ghetto, the yellow garb of shame, and long ages of oppression, many Christians remained indifferent; but the sight of one man fighting alone against hopeless odds touched the spot where feeling lay, and the whole human race recognised the defenceless Jew and

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. S. M.—Your fur lining has evidently become dyed owing to contact with the dyed dress, and home cleaning would be ineffectual. You had better consult a firm of dyers, who would tell you if the discoloration can be removed.

Variety.—Soak in warm water before cutting. To prevent the ingrowth of nails at the sides, scrape the middle of the nail quite thin, when redevelopment there will arrest the tendency to spread.

Rosa M. H.—(1) Marx Indelible Marking Ink, which you can order from any chemist, is the most permanent known to me. It does not injure the fabric to which it is applied. (2) All feather dressers use a blunt blade like that of a paper-knife for recurring feathers, and, when expert, they do them little harm. The amateur is likely to break the plumes. Feathers will become fluffy if held to the fire; but this effect is not permanent, as any damp in the atmosphere counteracts it.

Bella S.—Various simple applications will remove warts. Rubbing them two or three times daily with dry salt causes them soon to fall off, while a drop of aromatic vinegar applied and left to dry on speedily produces the same result.

Mrs. S. W.—I have inquired, but cannot hear of any gloves which a laundress would find impervious to water.

acclaimed him as a brother. Never has the earth seemed so Christian as in its pity for Dreyfus. The flood of feeling may ebb, but the world will never be quite as before it rose. Pity, sympathy, love—these are the waters of purification.

Some Russian peasants, anticipating the end of all things in the present year, have disposed of their property to the dwellers in a less credulous district. One would have thought the poor have so few impedimenta that there was nothing to sacrifice even in a cataclysm. Home, its interests, its industries, we were never debarred from these. Nevertheless, it is good for us now and then to ask ourselves with which of our treasures we should like to be occupied when the message reached us: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Are we ready to answer joyously from the midst of our daily avocations: "Lord, I have waited long"?

Letters from our readers will be discussed or answered in this department if addressed

"Verity,"

c/o Editor "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row,

London, E.C.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

FORTY POUNDS OFFERED IN PRIZES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

For the sake of modern Britons it will perhaps be necessary to explain the meaning of this old Welsh word *Eisteddfod*. It is the name given to a competitive gathering where prizes are awarded for poetry and music. In many other parts of the Empire this ancient institution has been successfully revived. Especially in connection with literary societies the *Eisteddfod* is found deservedly popular. Its scope has been extended to include many other subjects than poetry and music. We desire this extended scope in adopting it for our "Leisure Hour" pages. Thus we offer the following prizes for competition in the first part of our new series, hoping that our readers will do what they can to make our *Eisteddfod* widely known.

ESSAY COMPETITION

1. MEMORY. HOW CAN IT BEST BE CULTIVATED?

First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**; Third Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

2. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR LEISURE TIME IN WINTER?

Four Prizes of a Guinea each, two for residents in a town or city, and two for residents in a rural district.

3. EXERCISE FOR SEDENTARY PEOPLE. HOW TO GET ENOUGH FOR HEALTH WITHIN A SHORT TIME, AND WITHOUT STRAIN.

Two Prizes of a Guinea each, one for a man, and one for a woman.

4. THE BEST ESTIMATE FOR LIVING ON AN INCOME OF £300 A YEAR.

Four Prizes of a Guinea each, one for a single man; one for a single woman; one for a couple without family; one for a couple with family.

5. ESSAY ON "MY FAVOURITE BOOKS."

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

6. ESSAY ON "THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT SCARCITY OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS."

Open to women only. First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

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ART

7. THE BEST COPY, IN WATER-COLOURS OR OILS, OF OUR FRONTISPICE, ENLARGED TO AT LEAST TWICE ITS PRESENT SIZE.

First Prize, **Three Guineas**; Second Prize, **Two Guineas**; Third Prize, **One Guinea**.

MUSIC

8. A Prize of **Three Guineas** is offered for a tune to the hymn—

"Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind."

CHRISTMAS CARD

9. A Prize of **Half-a-Guinea** is offered for an original Christmas Card. Pencil, ink, crayon, water or oil colour may be used. The prize will be awarded rather for originality than for execution.

SINGING

10. As we cannot ask our friends to come to London or elsewhere for a singing competition, we offer to give a **silver watch-chain badge**, as a "Leisure Hour" prize, at any Eisteddfod or Competitive Concert held in connection with a Church or Chapel or Benevolent Institution on or before the 30th of December, 1899.

The prize will be given for the soprano solo, "*I will sing of Thy great mercies*," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.

We have to limit the offer to sopranos only, but we hope to extend the offer later for other voices.

The conditions to be that the chairman or conductor shall certify that not less than 100 persons were present when the solo was sung, and that the judge or judges shall also certify that the competitor whose name is given has, in his or their opinion, deserved the prize.

Such certificates to be forwarded to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour" on or before January 1, 1900, with copies of the programme, on which it should be distinctly announced that the prize is offered by the Editor of the "Leisure Hour." The "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Tickets given on p. 13 of advertisements must be attached to all applications for the silver badge.

NEEDLEWORK

11. (A) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.

- (B) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.

- (C) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.
First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor. In no case will any article be returned, whether stamps are sent or not.

MISCELLANEOUS

12. **Five Shillings** for the best suggestions as to subjects of articles for the "Leisure Hour." Post-cards only to be used.

13. **Half-a-Crown** for the best post-card suggestion for a Christmas present to a husband or wife, not to cost more than five shillings.

14. **Half-a-Guinea** for the most varied and appropriate menu for a Christmas dinner for twelve persons, within a cost of £2.

15. **Five Shillings** for the best post-card suggestions for family Christmas games.

16. Three Prizes of **Half-a-Guinea** each for the most varied and interesting and harmless programme for an evening school-treat: (a) for infants; (b) children under twelve; (c) senior scholars. Each to include refreshments, and not to cost more than sixpence per head.

17. **One Guinea** for the best original piece for recitation—prose or verse—to occupy in type not more than one page of the "Leisure Hour."

RULES

1. Competitors may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than two prizes will be awarded to one competitor.

2. Every competitor, except those in the Post-card Competitions, must cut out the *Eisteddfod Ticket* given on p. 13 of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing his or her competitions. One ticket may thus cover several competitions, but they must be all from one family, and all enclosed in one envelope, having the ticket outside.

3. Essays must be written on foolscap paper, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

4. For the *Miscellaneous* and *Post-card* Competitions the latest date is November 18, 1899; for *Essays*, December 2; *Art*, *Needlework*, and *Music*, December 16; *Singing*, January 1, 1900.

5. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

6. No essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.

COLONIAL READERS

For our Colonial friends we open all the above competitions until March 15, 1900, and offer prizes of the same value for them, provided that not less than twelve compete in any one class. All Colonial competitions must be received at this office not later than March 15, 1900.

